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Next week

GOLF'S GREATEST 10—the best holes from the top courses in America—are played by Dan Jenkins, who describes their challenges and beauties. The first of a two-part series.

ANYBODY IN DOGDOM who fails to please the American Kennel Club might as well turn his attention to cats. Robert H. Boyle examines the ways of this stern and gregarious society.

TINY EVANSVILLE is mighty Evansville when it comes to basketball. This Indiana school regularly knocks off Big Ten opponents. How? Here is the answer in words and pictures.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert L. James

Retired male athletes, by and large, do not just fade away. They manage and coach teams, broadcast, advertise, advise large corporations and acquire restaurants and bowling alleys over which their names flicker in neon. Even if they do not do so well, you hear about them. As ex-big leaguer Jim Lemon once said, "Most of us have to get jobs, and all we have when we get out is our names."

But where do the girls go? While the men are using their names the female athletes are changing them, and the girls often disappear from the public eye like a stone dropped overboard from the *Queen Mary*. Fascinated by the life that Tenley Albright has chosen (page 28), we searched out some of the other women who were making headlines not too long ago.

Most of the girls proved to be as fervently domestic as they once had been athletic. Skater Carol Heiss, married to skater Hayes Jenkins, lives in West Akron, Ohio and has not had a pair of skates on for more than a year. Now 25, Carol is the mother of two and is occupied with "my housework, my children and my community activities." Wilma Rudolph Eldridge, 24, the track sensation of the 1960 Olympics, teaches the second grade of an elementary school in Clarksville, Tenn. She also has two children and says, "I couldn't run a race. I'm quite a bit overweight."

Skiers Penny Pitou and Betsy Snite are now Penny Zimmerman and Betsy Riley, and Penny has a little boy. Both still know a ski when they see one—they live in Gifford, N.H. and Stowe, Vt., and Penny and her husband run ski schools—but both are happy to be retired. "I wanted three meals a day," Penny says. "I got tired of scrambling."

Tennis player Maureen Connolly retired less voluntarily. In 1954 she was hit by a truck while horseback riding, and her right leg was so badly injured that she had to give up tennis. It was a lot to give up. At 19 Maureen was the only woman ever to win all four major tennis titles in a single year, and her game was improving. But even Little Mo does not regret quitting. She mar-

ried Olympic Equestrian Norman Brinker in 1955. They live in Dallas now, have two daughters, and Maureen's present passion is gourmet cooking.

Carin Cone, the pretty swimmer of the 1956 Olympics who was our first world backstroke champion, quit swimming in 1960 because she was "too old, and my hair was always wet." Now 24, Carin is married to Captain Al Vanderbilt III, a former co-captain of the Army football team who is in Korea.

[illegible]

Carm teaches school in Ridgewood, N.J. and does much of her own sewing.

A couple of exceptions to this creeping domesticity are swimmer Chris von Saltza and Althea Gibson, the tennis player turned nightclub singer turned pianist. Chris, who retired in 1960, is a junior at Stanford University, a year behind her class because she accepted a one-year State Department assignment to coach Asian swimmers before the Tokyo Olympics. She hopes to work abroad again following her graduation in 1966. Althea, who retired from tennis in 1958, took up golf and turned pro in 1963. In 1964 she finished 38th on the tour, and an LPGA official expects her to do better and better. "She's 37," he says, "but she isn't 37 physically." Althea's name may be in lights again.

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SCORECARD

THE NEW TRADITION

Golfers with any sense of tradition must have felt a bit empty when the United States Golf Association drastically changed the format of the U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur championships last week. It was obvious that the changes were made primarily to enhance televising of the tournaments. So once again, lamentably, television reshapes a sport.

The grand distinction of the U.S. Open was that its final 36 holes were played in one day through which the winner not only had to display the best possible golf but nerve and stamina as well. For 40 years this format was a key element in setting the U.S. Open apart from the Hugenohle Classic, the Pop Bottle Open and whatever else the pros compete in week after week. Now, says the USGA, the Open championship, the most important golf event in the world, will be played like any other tournament, 18 holes a day for four days, finishing on a nice televisable Sunday.

The U.S. Amateur underwent an even more drastic change. Staged at match play since it began in 1895, it has been shifted to 72-hole medal (stroke) competition.

Executive Director Joseph C. Dey Jr. tried hard to make the moves seem for the better. "Increasingly slow play has made the 36-hole Saturday too much of an endurance test—more than eight hours on the course for each player," he said. "As for the Amateur, we've finally decided that stroke play is the best and most conclusive way to determine a golf champion." Maybe so, but it seems strange that it took 69 years to decide this.

"The changes may be deplorable as far as tradition is concerned," Dey said, "but in the context of the times they were the correct thing to do."

Now if Joe Dey, one of the finest administrators in the history of sport, is known for anything, it is for his stern and proper respect for tradition. It must have pained him to use that phrase: "in the context of the times." At the risk of sounding like old fogies, we feel that a

great part of sport—every sport—is tradition. We are tired of the way traditions are being constantly cast aside in the name of TV for a dollar or a popularity race or whatever adds up to "the context of the times." As for golf and the USGA's changes, Joe Dey himself used the right word—"deplorable."

LESS DOT, MORE FISH

Things are looking up at Maine's Sebago Lake, where the world's largest landlocked salmon (22 pounds 8 ounces) was taken back in 1907, before DDT. In recent years fewer and fewer salmon have been caught there (SCORECARD, July 15, 1983), and the size of the fish has declined as well—at least in part attributable, according to fisheries biologists, to the spraying of insecticides along the lake's shores.

Now comes the cheery word that the DDT content of Sebago's salmon is decreasing. The average content found during the 1964 spawning run was 1.76 parts per million, compared to 3.22 in fish taken in 1963. Decreases in related hydrocarbons were even greater. Furthermore, the largest fish taken last year weighed 7 pounds 14 ounces, as against a record of 5 pounds 5 ounces the year before. And the spawning run of smelts, which constitute the salmon's principal feed, was the largest since 1957. Seventy per cent of salmon had smelts in their stomachs, compared to 38% the year before.

Insecticides people have denied that their products were responsible for the earlier difficulties, but the fact is the upturn began only after air spraying was stopped. Arguments aside, Sebago's improvement is good news for fishermen, who had all but given up on the famous old lake.

STILL WITH HONOR

Around the Air Force Academy, shaken by a cheating scandal involving 100 or more cadets, there is an air of "shame and embarrassment," an old civilian friend noted last week, but there is something else, too. A selfless crowd of some

2,200—500 more than the season's average—attended the Brigham Young University basketball game at the academy gym Saturday night and it cheered the cadets as they have seldom been cheered before. Obviously the crowd was there to demonstrate unflinching support for the innocent.

Brigham Young won 110-77, against a cadet team that was minus three starting players for reasons unexplained but easily guessed. Even in the pregame warmup it was apparent that the Air Force Falcons were off in their timing. Easy layups and routine shots rolled away from the basket. The crowd cheered anyhow.

"I have two friends who are high-ranking officers," the civilian friend said. "Have lunch with them a couple of times a week. Now they won't even talk to me. They won't even answer their phones when I call."

A cadet told his parents that the "whole wing is disgusted, infuriated and ashamed" over the cheating scandal.

"We certainly hope the academy won't get the bad name of 4th of its cadets—former cadets," he said.

There is no reason why it should.

KIWI SPORTING LOOK

Hopping about the valleys and foothills of Waimate, New Zealand is a wallaby



wearing a sports jacket and carrying in it a wallet containing the equivalent of \$112 in New Zealand pounds.

Wallabies, a kind of pint-sized kangaroo, were introduced from Australia years ago, on the theory that they might be amusing animals to have around. They increased, multiplied and became a pest. Now they are heavily hunted.

continued

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an interpreter, or a secretary, or a chauffeur, or a car, or a truck. Or anything. If you want to hold a meeting, we'll even make a conference room available right at the airport. (Not one of those closet types, either.)

Once that's all settled, you've got Paris to look forward to. So put your papers down and enjoy yourself. Take a walk down one of the majestic boulevards, or turn into one of the quaint cobblestone streets. Stop at a café for some unforgettable pastry. See, firsthand, some of the sights

you've known since you were a kid. (Like the Eiffel Tower, or the Arc de Triomphe.) Begin to pick up

another culture, another language.

Send your wife on a shopping spree. Let her take a close look



at fashion before the copies are made. Give her a chance to buy some of the world's most wanted perfumes. (The tax-free prices at Orly make even expensive perfume not so expensive.)

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SCORECARD (continued)

Two hunters shot one recently and, to add a light touch to a snapshot for the folks back home, slipped it into a sports jacket. At the click of the camera, the wallaby, which had been only stunned, took off with an enormous bound. It has not been sighted since.

FEMME FATALE

A college girl's place in the sorority house, athletic directors of the South-eastern Conference have decided. Hereafter, female athletes of the SEC will no longer be permitted to compete against men in intercollegiate matches.

One of the reasons would appear to be Roberta Alston, University of Alabama tennis player, who leads the league in making martyrs out of males.

Consider the case of Vanderbilt's Ken Chapin.

"As we walked onto the court," he said, "I held the gate open for her. That was my first mistake." He lost the first nine games, he explained, only because he couldn't really get mad at Roberta. "Once you get past her forehead, she's pretty cute," he said. She beat him, two sets to one.

Her crushed Amherst opponent stumbled off the court muttering: "I am not embarrassed. I am not embarrassed. I am not . . ."

An outwardly calm Auburn player said, "I don't plan to quit because I lost to her. I really don't." Then he smashed his racket to bits.

NAMES WRIT IN WATER

Between rounds of a flyweight bout in Philadelphia's ancient Blue Horizon Arena one of Tommy Tucker's seconds told him to "keep pressing this bum." Tucker was indignant. "He's not a bum," he said vehemently. "He's a damn good fighter."

Tucker was right. Joe Robey's speed and sharp jabs gave him a three-round decision.

Afterward, to the amazement and embarrassment of officials, Tucker and Robey confessed that they are brothers.

Some people frown on the idea of one brother fighting another," Robey explained. "That's why we use different names. But who else are we going to fight? We're flyweights [112-pounds] and our breed's almost extinct."

To add to the confusion, both boys have the name "Tucker" tattooed on their right shoulders.

(continued)

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"The reason for the tattoos," explained a neighbor, "is that the boys take turns being Tommy Tucker."

The real family name? Robez.

WEATHER REPORT: STILL CLOUDY

The sentencing of 10 British soccer players for parts they played in fixing matches has by no means ended the matter, according to detectives who worked on the case and some others in the know. One detective has a dossier containing the names of many other players who as yet have missed standing in the dock. "Only the cream of the conspiracies has been skimmed," says another officer.

If they are right, then the words of Joe Richards, president of the English Soccer League, are pious nonsense. "It is a relief that all this has been cleared up," he said. "It has been a black cloud over the game."

The cloud remains. British soccer might well consider the experience of American baseball, which went through a similar experience in the days of the Black Sox, and moved, not with words but with drastic reorganization, to restore the confidence of its supporters.

BIG BEN AND LITTLE BOB

A man named Bob Peters is courting obloquy by trying to belittle Ben Hogan. Hogan needs no identification. Peters is manager of the Fort Lauderdale Country Club, site of the Teacher's Trophy Senior Championship (for golfers 50 or over) to be played there in late February. He is furious because Hogan declined to play in the tournament. He accused Hogan of "ingratitude to the game which made him."

Hogan is the last person to need anyone to hold his coat for him, but anger impels us to say a few words in his behalf. At 52, he still can hit the ball as well as anyone—maybe better—though his putting leaves something to be desired. He has justifiable pride in his ability. But he has no desire to perform in public unless he is at his peak. A fortnight ago, for instance, he chose to follow along with the galleries at the Crosby when he would have been more than welcome as a contestant. After the long winter layoff, he explained, his game was simply not in shape. Bing Crosby, himself a fine sportsman, understood and sympathized. Who would want to hear a Caruso with laryngitis?

Peters obviously has no comprehen-

sion of what it is to be a Hogan. This is one golfer who has earned the right to compete when and where he chooses.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Most fishing tournaments are a bore, designed more to promote resort areas than to give enjoyment to anglers. The International Tuna Cup Matches—launched in 1937 and continued, except for World War II years, until 1959—were no exception, but in 1953 they did attract to the Nova Scotia grounds no fewer than 10 teams: Mexico, France, Argentina, The Netherlands, Cuba, Chile, Venezuela, Brazil, Britain and the U.S. Prospects seemed exciting, but the total catch that year was four tuna. In succeeding years it became apparent that the tuna were no longer interested in the waters off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. The tournament was abandoned.

Now the Board of Governors of the ITCM is braving it again. Convinced that tuna will be found somewhere between Wedgeport and Halifax, they have expanded the fishing area. In next August's renewal of the tournament, boats will be permitted to seek their tuna all along the winding coast, on the board's conviction, based on some recent Provincial tuna statistics, that somewhere the contestants should wind up with fish.

We hope so. If successful, the tournament should be an inspiration to non-competing anglers to go after one of the great game fish of the sea on their own, without the inducement of prizes and publicity.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed McElmore, Dallas wrestling promoter: "Why, they've accused me of all kinds of put-up jobs. They've even said I used 'blood capsules' to make my wrestlers look bloody. But I've looked all over for them, and I can't find such a thing anywhere."
- Ron Taylor, St. Louis Cardinal relief pitcher, discussing former teammate Stan Musial: "He was just tremendous, but we usually went different ways. He'd go to the bank, and I'd go to the finance company."
- Boyd Cottle, Rollins College basketball coach, after his team lost 75 of its last 85 games: "We have a few problems."
- George Terry, West Point football aide, when asked to comment on Bill Elias, new head coach for Navy: "He's a good dresser and he is also very articulate."

END

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SMASHING HURRAH FOR THE LAKERS

Playing in the bright, airy Los Angeles Arena, the Lakers are the most enthusiastically supported team in the National Basketball Association, with movie stars like Doris Day (left, at her all-American-girl best), Dean Martin and Bing Crosby leading the cheers. One big reason the Lakers are shattering attendance records is the performance of their wondrous back courtman, Jerry West—junior partner in the point-making firm of Baylor and West—who is having his greatest year. Last week West scored 42 and 53 points as the Lakers swept a two-game series with the Cincinnati Royals and took a five-game lead in the Western Division. The story of ascendant star West begins on the next page.

THE EYE OF AN EAGLE AND A BIG WINGSPREAD

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

David West has an all-purpose Army-green vinyl gun that is as tall as he is and can kill you dead 11 or 20 different ways. Also, David has two younger brothers who alternately serve as his cadre and his targets, a handsome father named Jerry, a pretty, indulgent mother named Jane who "just can't stand to spank them, they're so much smaller than we are." They all live happily ever after in a three-bedroom house in west Los Angeles where David pursues the good life of the 4-year-old, killing off visitors at a fairly comfortable, if inconspicuous, rate.

David was preparing to extinguish a friend the other day by the burp-gun device or, if that didn't work, with the rocket-launcher hand grenade that tears the head from the shoulders without bloodying the carpet, when the friend, as his dying wish, asked if David knew what his father did for a living.

"My daddy," David began boldly. "My daddy." He stopped and waddled over to where Jerry West was adjusting the family color television and whispered loudly, "Daddy, what do you do?" Before he could wait for an answer, a flush came to David and he turned back.

"My daddy plays golf!" he shrieked, and went to retrieve his mass-kill instrument. Eventually it occurred to David that he had not quite covered it all. "Basketball," he said, over the shoulder. "My daddy plays basketball, too."

The proper appreciation of playing basketball, too, will come to David later. It will come that his daddy does not just play basketball, too, but plays basketball, principally. And plays it so well that he makes considerable money at it—\$35,000 a year, delivered with smiles all around by the Los Angeles Lakers, who make a good deal more because of him. The Lakers have, in fact, become the richest franchise in professional basketball since—though not entirely because—West joined the team. This enables Jerry to play a lot of golf, too. And fish more often, too. And wear herringbone and houndstooth jackets, and buy handsome vinyl guns for David.

It will come to David also that Los Angeles is a long way from Chelyan,

W. Va., where his daddy was brought up in the family of a coal-mine electrician. It is popular fiction that West is from Cabin Creek, W. Va. "Zeke from Cabin Creek" is what Elgin Baylor, the great Laker forward (SI, Nov. 25, 1963), has always called him. Baylor is a nickname of no small reputation. For example, Laker Coach Fred Schaus in the Baylor lesson is "Beef," not, as Schaus suspects, because he yells at officials but because when he yells his nose looks like two pounds of top sirloin. Another Laker is "Musty" in consideration of the impermanence of his deodorant. In any case, Zeke is not from Cabin Creek at all. "Hoggy," says Zeke, meaning Baylor (something to do with Elgin's eating habits), "Hoggy is the greatest basketball player in the world, but he's a lousy poet."

Chelyan, W. Va. has a population of 500; Cabin Creek (pop. 800) is near enough for Chelyan kids to lam over there on Saturday nights and for parents to pick up their mail at the U.S. Post Office. This is not to suggest that West acquired sophistication, as he did color television, only when he switched postmarks from Cabin Creek to Los Angeles. A man can demonstrate class almost anywhere—in a jungle, at a Macy's white sale—if he has class to begin with, which is what Jerry West had. (In fairness to Los Angeles, however, it probably has as much sophistication per square mile as Cabin or Chelyan.)

Star athletes like West live in an insulated world. Padded and crated in praise and exaggeration of their importance, they often are too late discovering that the returns on that importance are fast diminishing. Becoming, West is not so affected. While he is, above all else, an exceptional basketball player of a cut and magnetism comparable (some even say superior) to Oscar Robertson, he has never needed little David to keep him aware that there are Americans no further away than his living-room rug who would not know the National Basketball Association from the National Biscuit Company, and care less. As a fellow star who is patronized in his work by the likes of Doris Day (a front-row regular at the Los Angeles Sports Arena),

Bing Crosby and Dean Martin, Jerry West is neither overawed by his station nor abusive of it. A Sammy Gluck he could never be. Not even a Bo Belinsky. He is, rather, continually impressed that people take the time to think of him as important enough to spend time on and, being a keenly practical man who knows how to put a dollar in his wallet and keep it there, he hopes that they will continue to do so. Modesty is not the issue. Awareness is.

No more hillbilly talk

As David bowed himself with his arsenal, Jerry settled on a couch in the sunken den and listened to Jane clank around the kitchen. It was January in Los Angeles and he was comfortable in a powder-blue alpaca sweater. The crease was fresh in his pleated pants. He looked, as he always does, as if he had been groomed by the American Kennel Club. He would have meticulous good looks if it were not for his nose, which has been battered around some and now charts a wiggly course down the center of his face. Recently he has played in an improvised mask-guard because he had the nose broken again in a game at Detroit. Though he is used to the abuse of his nose, West's view is restrained by the mask—he was held to 47 points by the New York Knicks and just the other night to 53 by the Cincinnati Royals.

"Don't try anything new on us," he called to Jane.

"I know better," said a soft voice from the kitchen. "Meat and potatoes man, that's you." Jane came to the door with a platter of cold cuts and potato salad. "Jerry never changes," she said, "except that now he can get to sleep before 2 o'clock after a game. Sometimes. When he's really keyed up it's still 4 a.m. before he falls off. But he lost his southern accent. That's one thing Los Angeles hasn't done for me."

"Hillbilly," said Jerry. "Rod Hundley used to call it pure hillbilly. He said it wasn't southern at all. One time during the Olympics in Rome I was trying to tell Coach Pete Newell something and I could see I wasn't getting through. Finally, Pete said, 'For crying out loud, Jerry, talk English!'"

West reached over and twirled the dial on the television set. "No color shows on now," he said. "But the color reception is great. I got a real good deal on this set. I've had a couple black-and-white sets given to me. And a lot of other nice things, like that shotgun for playing in the All-Star Game. Basketball has been wonderful to us. It's a good life. A lot of guys kick about the officiating and traveling, and it does get hectic, but you look at some of the salaries they're paying now and you have to believe it's worth it—Chamberlain's making about \$70,000. Russell and Baylor \$50,000, Robertson \$40,000. Lucas \$33,000.

"We could live better, I guess. But you have to think ahead, prepare for the day you're living on half—hell, a third—what you're making now. I mean, there'll come a time when Jerry West the basketball player will be Jerry West, the ex-basketball player. Then what? I had a Pontiac Grand Prix, but now I drive a Chevrolet station wagon. It's more practical. We could use another bedroom, and the yard's not so big, but it's a good house, in a good neighborhood. Many people our own age. The fellow I fish with, Hollis Johnson, lives right around the corner."

The Wests moved into the house in 1962, Jerry's sophomore season in the NBA. When he proceeds he proceeds with caution—what General Manager Lou Mohs calls "working out his salvation with fear and trembling." Originally, when he signed with the Lakers in 1960 as their No. 1 draft choice, West insisted on a two-year contract for fear he might be cut prematurely. Mohs told him he would regret it. After one year Owner Bob Short took it on himself to tear up the contract and write a better one—West's value to the team had increased appreciably, but under the terms of the old contract his salary would not have. Anyway, before he bought the house, West went in to see General Manager Mohs. "Mr. Mohs," he said, after some preliminary beating around the bush, "would you trade me?" "Yes, I would," said Mohs. "For whom?" "For Oscar Robertson." "Anybody else?" "No." "That's all I wanted to know. I'm going to buy a house."

"Right now," said West, "I'm doing fine—the salary is good and I've been lucky to get some good endorsements—Jamisen, Wilson, Karl's Shoes of Los

Angeles, a magazine ad for Chapstick, Wheaties. But you know those things can't last forever. So I invested in an orange grove, and I've got a third interest with Don Drysdale and Les Richter in a summer camp up at Mammoth Lake. It's called All-American Village. Real nice place. The first year up there I spent most of my time playing basketball with the boys and girls. I wanted to improve my dribbling, and you'd be surprised how tough it is to dribble through seven screaming teen-agers. Unbelievable.

"I know it sounds corny and all, but whatever talent I have is God-given, and I think I owe it to Him to do the best I can with what I've got. I mean, it's hard enough if you take yourself too seriously because you can be a hero today and a bum tomorrow. It's unbelievable. So you try hard and you hope you do well, and you enjoy it. I guess—I feel I've accomplished about all there is to accomplish in basketball as an individual. I was on the Olympic team, and I was an All-American, an All-Pro, and I've made the All-Star team five times [in five years]. But there is one thing I'd really like to do before I quit—I'd like to help the Lakers win an NBA championship."

Lou Mohs enjoys—he truly enjoys—a reputation for being the tightest general manager in the business ("Ask anybody around here, they'll tell you how tight I am"). His goal is to make the Lakers the first NBA team to draw a million dollars in a season—"tickets sold, not people in the stands," he says. The Lakers average 7,000 fans a night, and they are up 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ at the box office this year. There is a story going around that Owner Short turned down a \$2½ million offer for the club. It isn't always this way in the NBA, of course, and a fellow wonders how some of the clubs can afford the salaries they muster to keep their stars happy. "The salaries you pay the Jerry Wests and Elgin Bayers don't hurt at all," says Mohs. "If it's your last breath, you can pay for a good doctor. These are the guys that make you a success." This incisive allusion to NBA reality will not prevent Mohs from dickered over contracts, of course, because he takes esthetic pleasure in his abilities as a dickerer, but he says it with more than a trace of pride when he complains that he had to subscribe to the *Wall Street Jour-*

nal to keep up with West's investments.

It is altogether possible that if West could not get the ball into Lake Tahoe on a windless day people would still queue up to sing his praises. Fred Schaus has been his coach nine years—four at West Virginia, five with the Lakers—and is an unwavering admirer: "I've said it all along—I've got two sons, and if they both grew up to be like Jerry West I'd be satisfied." Mohs says West is the only player he ever knew that he would adopt. Jim Krebs, an ex-Laker now in business in Los Angeles, says West was accepted by the team "five minutes after he arrived. Right away Baylor was after him to show the fellows where he kept his pet pig." Ed Barrett, sports publicist at West Virginia, says unequivocally that "West is the most popular athlete in West Virginia sports history." And on March 24 of every year since 1956, East Bank Consolidated High changes its name to West Bank in honor of the day the kid from Cheyan led the team to the state school championship.

But do not be fooled, says Krebs. Beneath that sugar coating beats the heart of a red-hot, no-nonsense competitor, whatever the game. ("The killer instinct" is what Publicist Barrett calls it, aptly if not originally.) "I saw Jerry get so mad at himself he walked right off the course in a celebrity golf tournament one year," says Krebs. "He barely knew one club from another when he came out here and now he's shooting in the 70s.

"But when it comes to serious conversation, you never saw a more opinionated guy than Jerry. Once he reached the fantastic conclusion that Willie Mays was not a very good baseball player. And before a game, nothing's right. The air conditioning is too high, the TV's too loud. 'Dammit,' he'll say. 'Can't you smoke somewhere else?' He's great."

West's regular fishing partner, Hollis Johnson, runs the fountain at a Beverly Hills drugstore. "I've probably got more reels than anybody in the U.S.," says Johnson. "But when it comes to passion for fishing you have got to see Jerry to believe him." Every year Johnson and West make four or five trips to Lake Crowley in the High Sierras and spend as long as a week at a time fishing for trout. "One time Jerry drove 330 miles in a snowstorm just so he could be there when the season opened. Twice he was stopped, one time when his windshield

continued

wiper broke and then again when the cops said he couldn't go any further. He finally struggled in, and before you knew it he was out there in the snow cleaning fish and telling me, 'Hollis, you're hotter than jailhouse coffee,' and 'Hollis, you're my man.' The only fault Hollis can find with West as a fisherman is that he sometimes gets so carried away that he fishes right past the limit, 'and we've got one of the meanest game wardens up there you'd ever want to meet. He spies on people with binoculars.'

The thing about Jerry West, of course, is that he *can* put the ball in Lake Tahoe on a windless day, he could do it in a hurricane, and Schaus admits—declares—that he would not have taken the Laker job in 1960 if he had not been assured that West would also become a Laker. "I offered Freddy a three-year contract at \$5,000 more than he was making at West Virginia, no matter what that was," says Mohs, "but it was like talking to a polar bear until we

made it clear we had West. I suppressed the urge to tell him Jerry had carried him for three years at West Virginia."

Schaus became a regular on the Wests' front-porch swing in Chelvan from the day he saw West, as a lean 6-foot-2 forward at East Bank High, blocking shots and grabbing 28 rebounds in a single game. Mrs. West took to the elegantly mannered West Virginia coach immediately and soon was shooting away all the other scouts as if they were chickens on the back stoop. "Jerry's going to West Virginia," she said, and that, says Jerry, was that.

Jerry West's heroes since then would fill the six or eight scrapbooks he never kept. He was cited the outstanding player in the 1959 NCAA tournament (in which West Virginia lost to California in the finals). He scored 160 points in five games, and one of the tournament players he beat in the voting was Oscar Robertson. Schaus remembers a time at Kentucky when Jerry's nose was broken in the first half. Gulping air through his mouth, his nose packed with gauze, he scored 19 points in the second half, and West Virginia upset Kentucky 79-70. The nose bled for three days.

Since becoming a Laker, West has averaged 26 points a game; he and Baylor have been the most prolific two-man scoring combination in the league. The Lakers, however, have not had the supporting cast necessary to replace the Boston Celtics as league champions, though they came within a basket of doing it in 1962 when Frank Selvy's last-second shot rammed and went out. It was in the third game of that playoff series with Boston that West made a play nobody ever quite believed. With three seconds left and the score tied, Boston was about to bring the ball in from out of bounds at mid-court. West anticipated, charged in front of Sam Jones's pass, picked it off, dribbled three times at full speed and flipped in the winning basket. Boston players, writers and supporters immediately set to howling: How could West possibly have done it in three seconds? A TV-taped replay made by a Boston station revealed that he actually did it in 2.7 seconds.

Intensity and purposefulness are not just words with West. When he was a kid in Chelvan his mother used to threaten to punish him for slouching around for hours in the rain at his make-

do backyard court. His diet at West Virginia during the season was reduced to bananas and steak. Before a game he often retched into a towel, and afterward he would holt down sleeping pills like an addict, then lie awake all night. He lunged and tumbled after every loose ball, and people used to say that Schaus's assistant, George King, was under strict orders to dive under West any time it looked as if he might fall.

"One of the things he has beaten is his depressions," says Schaus. "It is used to be a big problem for Jerry. He'd miss two or three shots and he'd start to press. He'd get down on himself—never on anybody else, or even the officials—but his depressions would last as long as a week or 10 days. Once I was really concerned. He'd been moping around for I don't know how long and we had a game with Holy Cross coming up that was going to be on national television. Two days before the game I had George King take him to lunch, but George couldn't find out a thing. When the game started we controlled the tip and quickly got the ball downcourt to Jerry for an easy layup. He missed it. I almost died. Right there on the bench I almost died. I thought we were finished for sure. But then, hardly before you knew it, he straightened himself out. I don't remember how many points he scored, but it was plenty and we won. I've since quit worrying about his moods. His high school coach told me, and it's always been true—Jerry never has two bad games in a row."

Invariably, when it comes time to assay Jerry West's rank among what are glowingly referred to as the NBA's "super stars," a comparison with Robertson is launched. Robertson is two inches taller and 20 pounds heavier than West, and it is generally accepted that he has developed more skills to the ultimate than any player the game has known. West's size, however, is deceiving. He is 6 feet 3, 185 pounds, about average for a backcourt player in the NBA, but he has exceptional wingspread—81 inches from fingertip to fingertip when standing like a crucifix against a wall in Lou Mohs's office. Mohs has a thing about wingspread and measures everybody who comes into the office, taking special delight when a sportswriter needs a yardstick in both hands to reach the wall marks of some player. "Jerry has the reach of a player



Jane West is tense watcher at home game.

Rarely he's as secure from the knees as well as the field, West shoots free throw in All-Star Game.

6 foot 9 or 10," says Mohs admiringly.

When West first came to the Lakers he was more or less a one-handed shooter, opposing guards played him a full step to his right. But he has worked out that weakness in long lonely hours on the court. He has the quickest shot in the game—it takes no more than half a pick to get him free. He moves exceptionally well without the ball—better, in fact, than Robertson, "but then again," says one coach, "Oscar always *has* the ball." Because of his speed West makes everything look rather routine. Against Robertson in the first half of the recent All-Star Game at St. Louis, he made a full head-and-shoulder fake to the left, crossed over with his left leg and suddenly had a step and a half on Oscar—and sank his shot. It looked almost too simple.

"You never really stop West," says the Celtics' Red Auerbach. "You try any number of ways—play him close, loose, keep him away from the ball, and even then he'll get his 25 or 30 points."

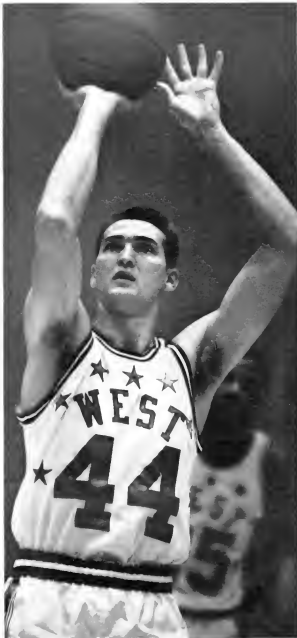
"From a coach's view," says San Francisco's Alex Hannum, "Oscar does the right thing more often, but in some phases I now believe West is superior to Robertson. He creates many problems for a defense, and he is more exciting because of the increased range of his long shot."

There is one intangible that nobody talks much about because it is hard to judge accurately, or even to judge at all. West seems to have a more settling influence on his team; he is not, like Robertson, a complainer. He does not bait officials. In all his years at West Virginia and with the Lakers, he had not drawn a technical foul until December, 1963. Robertson has been called eight times as a pro. (It is also true, of course, that Red Auerbach complains all the time, and Boston has won six NBA titles in a row.)

West says, "If I were a coach, I'd take Robertson. He's a better passer and a better dribbler. He has bigger hands and his ball handling is better. He has quicker reactions. He's unbelievable."

To David West, of course, Jerry West's skills are so unbelievable that he doesn't even know what they are.

END



OKAY—BUT DON'T BRING ON CLAY

Floyd Patterson came on strong in the last rounds to get a unanimous decision over a game George Chuvalo. The fight was exciting but neither man proved he has any business in the top heavyweight class **by TEX MAULE**

The main thing the fight between Floyd Patterson and George Chuvalo proved was that either of them will be taking his life in his hands if he gets in the ring with Cassius Clay—or Sonny Liston.

Patterson, who has been fighting erratically for 13 years, demonstrated clearly that he still does not know how to protect his belly. Chuvalo, who has fought erratically for only eight years, has not learned how to protect his head—although against Patterson the knowledge was not desperately needed. The former champion hit Chuvalo with a number of

spectacular combinations, all to little effect. Maybe this is because Chuvalo's head is made of Portland cement—or maybe it is because Patterson's punches are made of marshmallow.

The sellout Madison Square Garden crowd (19,100) saw a high-class club fight, but on the premise that the principals are supposed to rank among the best heavyweights in the land it would be hard to rate their encounter better than mediocre.

Chuvalo, a burly, broad-faced Croatian by way of Canada with thick arms and a muscular body, had a simple strat-

egy devised by his wispy trainer, Ted McWhorter.

"We want to hit to the belly," McWhorter said sadly after the fight. "We going to hit to the belly until Floyd, he bring he arms down, then we hit to the head. But Zach Clayton [the referee], he stop George when he is hitting Floyd in the stomach before he can start hitting him in the head. It was not fair, and we would like to fight him again."

Indeed, Chuvalo was much more effective in the close fighting than was Patterson. He slammed Floyd in the belly with the impact of a man tamping

Late in the fight Chuvalo went headbunting, giving Floyd a chance to demonstrate that he could take a punch—one of George's, anyway.



dirt with a four-by-four, but Patterson, although he winced now and then, did not seem to mind too much.

"I think I proved after 13 years tonight that I can take a much better punch than you gentlemen have given me credit for," he said to the assembled press in his crowded dressing room. "He hit me well at times—in the belly and on the chin. Several times these punches hurt me, but never seriously. I thought at one time in the fight I was behind, and my corner told me so—I guess somewhere around the eighth or ninth round. They told me—I guess it was just before the 10th round—that if I would start punching and become more aggressive I could win."

Unfortunately for Chuvale, Patterson's decision to become more aggressive coincided with Chuvale's decision to begin punching to the head. Since Chuvale is not a very skillful headhunter, he left himself open for Patterson's combinations in the last two rounds. This error cost him both rounds and probably the fight.

"We lost some big points in the last round," said McWhorter. "But we got to get some big hits in to the head if we want to win and that is what we are trying to do. We can't fight the way we want to fight—him, him, him to the belly, then up to the head, because Clayton, he stop after we get in a few hooks to Floyd's stomach. So we can't hit down there and then come up. We got to come up as soon as we can."

Chuvale, who had been effective with a body attack through the first six rounds, virtually abandoned that tactic late in the fight. Since Patterson is not a body puncher—or an infighter of any kind—this resulted in the two of them clinging morosely to one another for seconds, with no blows struck until Patterson would break away with a quick rat-a-tat-tat on Chuvale's impervious face.

"I was surprised he doesn't hit any harder," Chuvale said. "I would like to fight him again. Zora Folley hits harder than he does. Floyd never hurt me once."

Patterson had two plans for this fight; he had to settle for the less aggressive one. He wanted, if he could, to beat Chuvale at his own game, fighting in close and tying up the Canadian if he could. He discovered early in the fight that he was not strong enough to do this. So, he adopted the kind of strategy

he should have used against Sonny Liston. He is normally a fighter who moves in; in this case, he moved back, and that may have been one of the reasons that his punches lacked their occasional sting.

"I trained to fight him his kind of fight," Patterson said. "I wanted to throw a lot of punches. I wanted to lay inside and trade with him and then box from the outside. But when I tried to fight him inside, he always got the better of it. So no matter what I did I had to stay outside and box."

In pursuit of these tactics Patterson retreated steadily around the ring with Chuvale plodding doggedly after him. Early in the fight Chuvale scored with swinging right and left hand punches, countering most of the time and most of the time countering under Patterson's leads. Again and again, when the two fighters were in a tight clinch, Chuvale worked his right hand loose and swung it like a pendulum into Patterson's left kidney until Clayton forced the fighters apart.

"The kidney punches didn't hurt me," Patterson said. "All the energy he wasted throwing those punches tired him in the long run, in my opinion."

"He caught me with several punches that hurt," Patterson went on. "They came in barrages. He'd get me with a good one and follow up with some strong punches. But I said to myself, 'You can't be knocked out.' And I wasn't."

After the fight Chuvale had some inconsequential cuts on his face and a burgeoning mouse under his right eye, but he maintained that none of Patterson's punches hurt him.

"He moved more than we figured on," McWhorter said. "We figured he going to come in more. But he kept backing away all the time. Next time we fight him, maybe we going to press more. And get another referee. You got to let the man fight inside. Long as he got one arm loose, he got the right to fight. You take away his fight when you don't let him do that. You making him fight Floyd's kind of way and he ain't that kind of a fighter."

It was, despite everything, an exciting encounter, although it failed to live up to its atmosphere of a momentous sporting occasion. Any bout in which the combatants can hit and are not particularly good at protecting themselves is bound to be interesting. Chuvale's only

defense is a right hand he moves up beside his head to absorb some of the sting of a left hook; he does not bob or weave or slip punches. Patterson moves more than Chuvale, but he is woefully open to punches to the head with a right and to the belly with either hand. If he intended, as he said, to prove his ability to take a punch (Chuvale's that is), he succeeded; but it seems extremely doubtful that he can take the kind of punishment either Clay or Liston is capable of inflicting.

"I never got him flush on the jaw," Chuvale said wistfully after the fight. "I know I hurt him, but most of the time I was punching too high. I don't know why. It just happened that way."

He raised his hand and felt the mouse under his eye tenderly.

"He got me high most of the time, too," he said. "On top of the head or on the forehead. Never on the chin. Once in the eye. This one. But that didn't hurt when it happened. I would like to get him again. If they would let me alone inside. I got a real right to fight inside, haven't I?"

Patterson, understandably, was a bit evasive about the rematch Chuvale almost wistfully seeks. "I think I have fought and beaten the logical contenders," he said. "Now I deserve a shot at Clay. Clay told me I would be his next opponent after Liston. Or maybe even substitute for Liston if he can't fight in Boston. If the Clay-Liston fight goes through, I may have to fight again before I get Clay. Maybe I would consider a rematch."

Clay was on hand for this fight and leaped happily into the ring to congratulate Patterson—and share the spotlight. Clay did not seem to mind the loss of the only "white hope"—his own phrase—on the horizon.

"The articles written about white hopes are wrong," Patterson said seriously in his dressing room. "I think tonight proved that. I think I got more—at least as much, anyway—encouragement from the people as Chuvale did. I think the crowd proved there is nothing to the white hope theory."

"Go Floyd, go Floyd," the crowd had shouted in thunderous unison several times during the fight, and Patterson—who had feared the home-town fans—felt at home again. But maybe Chuvale did more to disprove the white hope theory than the crowd did. **END**

AMERICA'S PRIZE STAYS FRENCH

The world's toughest trotting race, up hill and down dale and fetlock-deep in cinders, was won by the best horse in France, with the aid of some careful legislation by the wealthy farmers of Normandy **by PATRICIA RYAN**

The Prix d'Amerique may be the prize of America, but it is not if the French can prevent it by hook, crook or the rules in some book—a prize for America. National honor demands victory for France, and a French win in this trotting race is synonymous with an American loss. Two strains of Standardbred blood dominate international harness racing. One is American, the other French, and the Louvre may fall into the Seine before the chauvinistic men of Gaul will allow the hordes to mix.

When the field for the Prix d'Amerique trotted to the start at Vincennes last Sunday, the six starters were all American-bred, although only one, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sheppard's Elma, was American-owned. The other expatriates were Italy's Nike Hanover, Elaine Rodney and Behave, Germany's Tornd Song and Russia's Apex Hanover. Seven kilometers down the highway from Vincennes another Italian-American, Firestar, was left nibbling hay in a tin-roofed barn because the Societe du Cheval Français decided that six American-bredswere enough for 12 French trotters to handle. Firestar's owner had paid his stallion's entry fee, \$200, and had spent some \$2,000 shipping the horse to Paris, but the commissar of French trotting has, according to the country's rules, "the right to fix the number of entries of any nationality" in an international race, and he fired Firestar right out of the Prix d'Amerique.

A group of wealthy Norman farmers control French trotting, and they do not welcome strangers who might swipe their golden eggs. As Roger Nataf, news editor of *Paris-Turf*, explains, "If they must shake hands with a foreigner, it is

with the tips of their fingers. I am French, but I am obliged to say that these French are not very sporting. They are horse traders, these Normans, and are interested in buying and selling. They like to limit the market to the goods they trade in, and that is why, years ago, they passed a law barring foreign horses from regularly competing here and outlawing the use of any but French blood in our studs." The rule was passed after American-bred horses had trotted off with five of the preceding seven Prix d'Ameriques.

Trotting is, as one Frenchman has put it, "like the discotheque, coming on and on and on." If the number of starters were not limited there would be 100 entries in almost every race at Vincennes. And there is enough money stashed away at the Societe du Cheval Français office on the Rue d'Astorg to increase purses by hundreds of thousands of dollars. There is, however, no need to do this, as the track already offers more in purses than any track in Europe and rivals Roosevelt and Yorkers Raceways. Every existing *neveré* record has been made on a trotting race, and this year's Prix d'Amerique set a new high in *neveré* wagering—\$12.2 million.

Not only is harness racing flourishing in France, its growth has been completely unforced. There is no such thing as press-agency. Nike Hanover ate his artichokes last week unmolested by popping flash bulbs. The 1¼-mile dipsy-doodle cinder track is a natural course. As a horseplaying-water in a Champs-Élysées café said: "It goes up and down and breaks a horse's legs." Another Parisian curled the end of his strawberry-blond mustache and advised, "If you bet on the Prix d'Amerique, back Ozo, the French mare.

It's going to rain and you want a plodder, not a fast horse. A fast horse gets halfway around, his legs start to ache and he throws it up."

The hall on the far turn at Vincennes has slowed many horses, and the French expect it to stop any animal with a trace of American blood. Should it not, a driver may be subjected to a little whipmanship. American horsemen, not without reason, fear the wide-ranging tassel on the tip of a French whip but, as Elma's driver, John Simpson, remarked: "What can you do, carry a gun?" Hans Frommning, the successful German who drives Ozo, was less concerned. Before the race he said quietly: "I have driven all over the world and it is best just to adjust your tactics to those of the country you are in."

This year, for the first time, the winners of previous Prix d'Amerique were not handicapped 25 or 50 meters behind the field, and, also for the first time, the start was from an American-style gate. The Italians were dubious of both changes. Said Gerhard Kruger, driver of Elaine Rodney, "The French do not want you to win. Last year they had long faces and were very unhappy when Elaine won the Prix de France. The association changed the handicap rule because Ozo could not win last year with the 25-meter handicap she had for winning the 1963 Prix d'Amerique."

If the Italians were leery of the French, the Russians were more so. Ever since they purchased Apex Hanover from American Roy Cleveland for seven Russian horses and as much caviar and cut glass as he could carry home from Moscow, 29-year-old Maria



Driver Hans Frommung kept Ozo in the middle of the pack before her winning stretch surge.

Bourdova has groomed and driven Apex. "The horse," explains Yevgeny Dolmatov, director of the Moscow Hippodrome, "has been much more satisfactory in Russia than in the United States. He has won six races at distances up to two miles." The Russians expected Apex to perform well in the mile-and- $\frac{1}{8}$ ths Prix d'Amérique but in Paris they learned that a woman could not drive at Vincennes. "*La gracieuse Maria Bourdova est triste*," *Paris-Turf* reported. Maria was more than *triste*. "I thought French women had been liberated," she said.

As for the American mare, Owner Lawrence Sheppard summed up Elms's

trip to Paris best: "Win or lose, it's all kind of an adventure. I'd like to win an international race like that some day, maybe with Ayres or some other horse. We wanted to see how Europeans did things, what you have to do to win a race like that. We've found that going one mile on their tracks is like going two on ours." Elms was shipped to France the last week in November, but Trainer Simpson now realizes an American horse needs five or six months of conditioning in Europe to perform creditably under such unfamiliar circumstances. The courses are rough and deep, not at all like the billiard-table tracks of the U.S. Furthermore, Amer-

ican horses are not used to racing in the cold, wet weather that hangs over Paris in January.

The Monday preceding the Prix d'Amérique, Simpson put Elms through a stiff work. Twice he took her around the track at Vincennes, and three times he made her climb the long hill. "She would have called me names if she could talk," he said afterward. "Either I've dulled her, or she'll have a better set of legs under her."

Simpson himself had no legs at all in Paris—at least not for sightseeing and shopping. He joined in the spirit of his surroundings by taking up Gaulois cigarettes, naughty jokes and sea urchins, and there was a time one afternoon when he was tempted by a young French girl's suggestion that he should swap his rimless glasses for horn-rimmed ones because he would look 10 years younger. Simpson tried to squirm out of shopping by saying, "If I bring my wife home too much, she'll think I'm apologizing for something. She'll be suspicious." He finally decided he would buy perfume, and he drove to the marbled, tapestried, chandelied splendor of Guerlain. With a Rogers Peet Stetson in hand, he moved restlessly about on the thick carpets until his package was wrapped, and he dashed quickly back to his Peugeot. "I wish I hadn't talked to home today," he reflected. "My son says the colts are going good in Florida and I want to get back to Orlando to see them." He was reminded there were only a few days to go before he would be home. "Oh, no," he said, "there's Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday."

Well, Sunday finally came for John Simpson, and for the Italians, Germans, Russians and French. And of all the experts, the mustached Parsian was exactly right. It rained, and Ozo won. She had to come from behind, but she overpowered Elaine Rodney in the stretch with her long stride. Elms was blocked by tiring horses coming up the hill, though she closed well to finish seventh after shuffling through the field. The Tricolor of France was placed over Ozo's withers, and Johnny Simpson went home to his colts in Florida. He may be back next year with Ayres, and he may look nine years younger. At the last minute he bought the horn-rimmed glasses.

END

Some of the shrewdest enthusiasts in the world will be watching next week as the top bird dogs in the U.S. compete in the National Field Trial Championship in Grand Junction, Tenn. No observer on the spot, however, will get a finer view of a top dog at work than that provided here by Photographer Hanson Carroll. Just after last year's championships, Carroll focused his camera on the winner, Bethea McCall's English pointer, War Storm, going over the ground again.

THE POINT ABOUT A CHAMPION IS HOW HE DOES IT

Working in close cooperation with the dog's trainer, John Gates, he succeeded in getting closeup shots of a champion practicing his art that have seldom if ever been equaled. Sadly enough, they can now never be equaled with this dog, since he died of a kidney infection before he could defend his championship.

Casting through broom sedge in muscle-rippling leaps, War Storm reaches out with head high and nostrils flaring to savor the pungent scent of an elusive quail.





Unlike many dogs, who slow down to get their bearings when they catch a scent, War Storm never hesitated. Above, the

camera catches him dashing boldly forward until he freezes in a stylish point at right, the bird almost under his nose.





A CHAMPIONSHIP GAMBLE THAT MIGHT HAVE PAID OFF BIG

Buying, rearing and training a bird dog for the big-time field-trial circuit is at best a gamble, and one that may require a stake of \$10,000 or more. Only a fraction of the 12,000-odd pointers and setters registered every year in *The Field Dog Stud Book* have the style, stamina and bird sense to become champions, and the right trainer-handler to bring them to the fulfillment. Yet the prices and stud fees that may accrue to a National Field Trial Champion are more than enough to make the gamble worthwhile.

John S. Gates of Leesburg, Ga., at 47 one of the most successful trainers in the country, recognized the potential in War Storm the moment he saw him back in 1959. "He carried his head and tail high," says Gates, "and he liked to flash point and then knock those birds out and chase them all over the country. It made no difference to him whether he ran 100 yards or 10 miles, just so long as he was sailing. If you can bend a dog like that without breaking his spirit, you've got one that may make it to the top."

Gates recommended the purchase of this promising pup as a sound investment to Bethea McCall of Birmingham, a wealthy manufacturer of dog foods who makes a businesslike hobby of raising potential customers for his products. On Gates's advice, McCall bought the dog sight unseen for \$1,250, as unenthusiastically as he might have bought a share of A.T.&T., and with no closer contact.

There was never a question of making a pet of this potentially fine hunting machine. A basically standoffish animal whose only real interest was in his work, War Storm was not invited into a house to play with the master's slippers or curl up by the fire. When he was not sailing alone through a field of broom sedge, filling his nostrils with the scent of quail, he was kept in a sterilized concrete ken-

nel, with a bed of straw and a hutch to keep him warm.

War Storm's formal training, which cost McCall another \$5,400 in "tuition" alone, began on the prairies of Manitoba, where Trainer Gates and his son John Rex take their dogs every summer to escape the oppressive heat and the rattlesnakes of south Georgia. (To insure a field dog against the constant menace of rattlesnake bite alone can cost an owner some \$2,500 a year.) There Gates began War Storm's lessons with a choke cord and a choke collar, teaching him to hold a point on prairie chickens. By the end of three months the pupil had learned enough field etiquette to carry off the first prize in a prairie chicken derby trial in Saskatchewan, but he was still far from what Gates calls a "finished dog."

"No trainer is a miracle worker," Gates explains further. "The dog has to have it in him, and no dog is any better than his nose. What this dog had was a nose like a magnet. He was the only dog I ever blew a whistle on who never made game [i.e., never had to quarter a field trying to pinpoint bird scent]. He'd pick the scent up and take off and you never knew when he was going to stop in mid-air and come down in a staunch on point. He was a cocky dog who absolutely trusted his nose. There have not been many like him."

It took Gates five years to turn this raw material into a finished product. He campaigned War Storm in 10 trials a year, from September to April (which cost Owner McCall another \$5,500-plus in entry fees), shot hundreds of birds over him to teach him steadiness and ran him through a field three times a week every week in the year. This regimen finally proved its worth last year, when War Storm won not only the National Championship in Grand Junc-

tion, Tenn., but the prestige-laden National Free-for-All Championship in Canton, Miss. three weeks earlier. Some field trialers consider this stake an even better test of the ideal field-trial dog, since its stress is less on bird finding and "subservience" to a handler (or the gun) and more on "admittedly impractical range and endless endurance." Only six dogs in 49 years have managed to win both the National and the Free-for-All in the same year.

The feat proved 6-year-old War Storm beyond question the top bird dog in the country, and more than proved the wisdom of McCall's original \$1,250 investment in him. As National Champion, his intrinsic value soared. In five years he had collected some \$12,000 in prize money by winning four championship stakes and winning or placing in eight other trials. If he never won another stake, his stud fees (at \$150 a service) over the next five or six years might have brought his owner and trainer another \$15,000 a year. "He was a valuable dog," said Gates last week in a model of understatement, "and he had a lot of trials left in him." But to both trainer and owner the untimely death of War Storm from a sudden kidney ailment was just one of the many bad breaks a dog man must expect. "There is a lot of luck involved in winning any trial," says Gates. "If a dog hasn't been bitten by rattlesnakes, hit by cars or kicked by horses, he may still have to make his bid on a day when scenting conditions are bad. Not infrequently a cut footpad or a pulled muscle may force a handler to take his dog up. No matter how much money or training you put into a dog, there are still a lot of things that can go wrong. No dog, not even a dog like War Storm, is a sure thing."

—DUNCAN BARNES

Nose quivering and eyes glittering with excitement, War Storm holds his point as handler flushes a quail. Like any good bird dog, he will continue to hold the position even when the handler shoots.

THERE IS A DOCTOR ON THE ICE

Her home is a Beacon Hill apartment, the doctor is a skater and Tenley Albright's husband, Tudor Gardiner, is a classical philologist who likes to wrestle **by BARBARA LA FONTAINE**



You're back again. What a lucky day!" a little boy came up to say to Dr. Tenley Albright Gardiner last December at the Skating Club of Boston. Tenley had found half an hour, as she manages to perhaps three times a week, to satisfy the need "just to get my feet on the ice," and she sat facing up her skates at the rink where for years she had come to practice at 4 in the morning. Necessity dictated odd hours then and necessity dictates odd hours now. Tenley, with the responsibilities of wife, mother and surgeon, has to skate when the responsibilities permit, and she is likely to be practicing her camel spins during children's hours—Tenley and the 5-year-olds. Children approached her now to ask where her daughter Lilla was, to ask for advice, to tell Tenley how they were doing, to look.

"One of the boys said to me the other day, 'Tenley, do you know that Sjouke Dijkstra is 22 years old and she's still skating?' Oof," Tenley said. She tied her laces and swept off, skating with her old grace, impeccable, and fitting very neatly, at 29, into a skating dress her grandmother had made for her some 10 years ago.

It was, in fact, 10 years ago this month that Tenley Albright of Newton Centre, Mass. won the world figure-skating championship in Vienna for the second time. She won it with a first from all nine judges in both phases of the competition (only those familiar with the mad individuality of figure-skating judges will appreciate this), and the following year she won the Olympic gold medal at Cortina. She had spent that summer taking extra courses, in order to get leave from Radcliffe for the 1956 Olympics, and in the fall she put in every hour she could on the ice. She suspected it would be her last Olympics and she was not planning to botch it. She didn't.

Tenley remains in the minds of many people our most accomplished and impressive champion. A well-bred young lady, she was nevertheless a real competitor, as steady as she was gracious. Her style was distinguished, a technical proficiency rounded by a dancer's training and sensitivity and marked by taste and

SKILLFUL SURGEON who operates five days a week, Dr. Albright washes before entering the New England Baptist Hospital operating rooms.

intellect. "Tenley skates with her head," her old coach, Willie Frick, once said, which was true, even if it failed to convey Tenley's charm upon the ice.

"It's hard for me to remember when some things were," Tenley mused recently, trying to recall a particular date. "It all seems like yesterday." It seems like yesterday to many Americans older than 20, and time, in this case, will probably continue to be telescoped. With the loss of the entire U.S. skating team in a 1961 airplane crash in Belgium, American figure skating virtually ceased to exist. The American youngsters who will supersede Tenley in people's minds have not appeared, possibly have not been born, even yet.

If Tenley had cared to she could have continued to compete, turned professional or simply retired with her laurels. She chose instead to go to Harvard Medical School, and Harvard chose to admit her in 1957 after only three years of pre-medical work at Radcliffe—three years punctuated by long absences—instead of the customary four. Harvard was right in assuming her capable and ready. It is probably true to some extent that the remarkable habits of discipline acquired during her years of competitive skating stood Tenley in good stead at Harvard; all medical students could use a capacity for seven or eight hours of intense concentration and a habit of getting up at 4 in the morning.

A first-grade teacher, Marion Proctor, remembers Tenley at 6 coming to her in tears. "I said, 'What's the matter, Tenley?'" and Tenley said, "I made a mistake." She held out a paper, perfect except that she had forgotten to capitalize the A in Albright. I told her that it wasn't the end of the world, that we could throw the paper away, and she said, "No, it's wartime." So I said, "Well, let's turn the paper over." "But the mistake will still be on the other side." Finally I said that we could erase it, and that seemed to be the most acceptable solution, but she said, "I still would have made a mistake." Obviously, Tenley—uncompromising in her demands upon herself—was born and not made. Harvard could have admitted her when she was 9.

Tenley graduated from medical school in 1961 and is now in practice with her father, Dr. Hollis Albright, who is also a surgeon. She begins the day by getting



STILL A SKILLFUL SKATER, TENLEY DOES BACK SPIRAL ON BOSTON COMMON POND

her baby Lilla up, and then is off five mornings a week to operate, with office hours all the rest of Mondays and Fridays, and hospital rounds every other weekend. These take most of Saturday and Sunday, depending on the number of hospitals—there may be as many as four. In addition to the routine duty, there will be a paper to read at an AMA convention in Miami, a Biodynamics Luncheon at Harvard, a radio or television interview for the Christmas Seal Fund and her spare time she now devotes to work on a sports medicine project for Arthur D. Little Inc. in Cambridge, Mass. The results will be incorporated in a report to the Olympic Committee. It is an unwieldy task involving masses of uncoordinated material and research around the world. "My husband says," Tenley observes, "When you have a normal day, will you let me know?"

Tenley's surgery routinely involves such operations as appendectomies and cholecystectomies (removals of the gall

bladder), and she has done amputations, subtotal thyroidectomies and, with a senior surgeon in attendance, a subtotal gastrectomy—the partial removal of the stomach, graduate work by any medical standards.

"There isn't any real exercise or practicing you do, apart from operating," Tenley says. "except perhaps cutting with your left hand or tying knots. You begin by holding a retractor for five hours. My first operation I held a retractor, and I was so far back I couldn't even see the operating field. Then they let you sponge, and then they let you put in one skin stitch, and by the time they let you really do something you can't wait to get in there. Surgery, I think, is all of medicine, plus a little bit more, and I love the idea of being able to do something well technically. Like working on a jump and then doing it higher."

A fondness for good technical work is a pleasing characteristic in a surgeon,

continued

and Tenley inspires confidence in other respects as well. She is serene, an attribute that has become all too rare, particularly in women. It is very becoming in a woman and a physician, as is Tenley's extraordinary kindness. All in all, one feels ready and willing to climb up on the table for Tenley to have at one's appendix.

It is not too uncommon today for a woman to be a doctor, so it is odd that people should be, as they are, fascinated

that Tenley has succeeded in becoming Dr. Albright. Perhaps it is the rarity of a double excellence, or a double excellence spanning the physical and the intellectual. "Wasn't it tough, being a girl in Harvard Medical School?" people invariably ask, and Tenley, whose patience is perfect, answers that it was so tough for everyone that it didn't much matter whether you were a boy or a girl. "Why surgery?" they will want to know next, and Tenley can only say to that

that she found herself more and more interested by her courses in it. "I had thought I would want to go into pediatrics, and at first I didn't myself approve of my interest in surgery," she adds. One interviewer—make—pressed on past the last question to inquire, "But isn't it awfully icky?" "My husband says it's all right, just as long as I don't discuss it at mealtime," Tenley told him.

Her husband, Tudor Gardiner, corroborates this and adds that he tries hard not to hear her talking on the telephone.

The Gardiners were married on New Year's Eve 1962. Tudor's father, the late William Tudor Gardiner, was for four years the governor of Maine, the Gardiners have a home in Maine, and it pleases Tudor to think of his as a Maine family: rum-drinking, Church-of-England state-of-Mainers rather than blue-nosed Massachusetts Bay Puritans, as he says, but he says it in the purest of Boston accents. The Gardiners are among the first families of Boston, and Tudor will, in fact, do nicely for a model of the proper Bostonian.

There is more to a proper Bostonian than family, school, dress and accent. It is difficult to describe, but probably the best way to recognize one is by the way he looks at you. Tudor Gardiner advances upon one with the stern, evaluative Bostonian eye. There is something about it that is reminiscent of the mother who called her daughter every day of her adult life to ask, "And what that is worthwhile have you accomplished today?" In the case of the Bostonian eye, however, the question is more inclusive: "What that is worthwhile are you?" it demands. To meet it is to undergo, early, the Day of Judgment.

Tudor, now 46, attended Groton and Harvard, from which he graduated *summa cum laude* in classics in 1940. He delivered the Latin oration to his class, which included John F. Kennedy. He returned to Harvard after the war to go to law school, took his degree, passed the bar and practiced for four years until he decided to give up law for classical philology. He has obtained his master's and hopes soon to finish his thesis on Thucydides for his doctorate, though he is hampered because his time is much taken up, as Tenley puts it, "with having to be a trustee."

Through college, the war, the law and the philology, Tudor's great interest in amateur wrestling has persisted. "All the

(continued)

THE GARDINERS—Tenley, Tudor and, happily perched on her mother's knee, Lilla—enjoy rare respite from work in living room of their apartment, a converted ballroom.





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Gardiners are immense," one Harvard man has observed. "Immense! Tudor is a brute, and he wrestles." Thus in 1962, at the time of their marriage, Tudor, 43 to Tenley's 26, was a socially distinguished 43-year-old wrestling brute of a classical philologist. For those who wondered nervously whether Tenley was doing the right thing, she explained, "But that's just it, he's not a boy."

"On the other hand," Tudor himself added, "I am a good deal younger than Bernard Baruch." And this is fortunate, since from the beginning considerable matrimonial resilience has been required of him. A month after Tenley's graduation from Harvard she began her surgical residency at the Beverly Hospital in Beverly, 17 miles from Boston. She was on duty on the day first proposed for her wedding. The date was adjusted, and marriage and medicine have been a matter for mutual accommodation ever since.

"You know the honeymoon is supposed to be different from what your life will be like," Tenley says, "so we stayed home for two weeks. Then I was on duty at the hospital every other night and every other weekend. For six months I commuted, and for six months Tudor commuted, and then for six months we lived at Beverly, in four rooms in an abandoned pediatrics ward. Lilla had been born, and I wanted to be able to look in on her during the day." It would seem to be asking too much of any new husband to accept this kind of life, but a grave, conservative Tudor Gardiner? No, because that is another thing about the proper Bostonian: there is nothing of which he is incapable if the cause is worthy.

Tudor says of it all: "It wasn't bad, on the early nights. Some nights she would be off duty by 10 o'clock. But there would be the emergency calls at 3, I would be there taking care of the baby, and she would be upstairs with the bones stacking out and blood spurring and the police and the grieving family."

"Tudor, I thought you were happy there," Tenley put in.

"The conditions were roughly comparable," Tudor continued, "to those under which I lived on Okinawa."

"There was an emergency one night," Tenley said, "and I called Tudor and said, 'I won't be finished in time. Can you feed the baby?' I called later and asked, 'Did you give her her bottle?' and

Tudor said, 'Yes. Now I am going to give her her cereal. If she doesn't eat it, I am going to.' Here's a picture of him when I got back."

Tenley produced an album with a photograph of a distinctly preadorned Tudor, sitting haggard by the stove and the sterilizer. Through a slit of window between sill and shade the total blackness of 6 o'clock in the morning was pouring in.

The picture explains clearly enough why Tenley did not finish her residency in one uninterrupted four-year stretch. She has thus not taken her national boards yet, but, as her father says, "You don't have to be certified to practice surgery. You probably would be chief of surgery in a hospital, but for Tenley now this is an individual approach to happiness and a useful life. She can be responsible to her family and is less pigeonholed with a lot of exacting demands." So as the arrangement stands Tenley can practice and operate, and Tudor is safely out of the pediatrics ward and back on Beacon Hill.

The Gardiners' house on Beacon Hill was built before the turn of the century as a ballroom for the house next door, and as such it presented a few problems. The least of them may be whether one refers to it as a house or an apartment. "Tudor calls it a room," Tenley says, and though the house has five floors, with an attic and a proper kitchen, it has not been possible to wholly disguise the ballroom. Of all that the Gardiners have done to break it up and make it a less intimidating living room, nothing has been more successful than their having produced Lilla, now 2, to run around half naked and hide under the chairs. "We named her Lilla because my mother used to be called Lilla Van—family Swedish for little friend," Tenley explained. "We had gone through all the family names, and the only one I liked was Rhys. But it's a boy's name, and Tudor said it had gone far enough, so we named her Lilla Reece—Rhys Anglicized." Lilla Reece moved out from beneath a chair and dived under a table with the dispatch of a soldier under fire.

"When my father first saw this room he said, 'Tenley will have a good time jumping over the furniture in here,'" Tenley said, looking around. She was

wearing her skating dress and seemed very young by the huge fireplace in the tapestried ex-ballroom. Tenley has a gift for the use of time, give her a small, triangular piece of it and she has a small triangular task that will fit. If the bit of time is too small to allow for changing clothes she will visit patients in her skating dress, dashing from a rack and a clinic for small skaters to the hospital, where she will decline offers to take her coat. She used her trip to the Olympics this year to visit clinics for sports medicine in Japan, and interview doctors from all over the world, whom she would otherwise have had difficulty reaching. She also skated with Japanese champions and donated a silver cup for the best lady free skater. "It was a whole month," Tenley said, "the longest trip we've had since we've been married." She lunged for Lilla, who had craftily found the spot below the table that was most nearly inaccessible from all points of attack. Tenley extracted her and carried her off to bed.

It was Wednesday, Tudor's afternoon at the gym, and he would be late. When Tenley reappeared, wearing full-length hostess culottes, she asked doubtfully, "Can you drink port before dinner? Tudor usually takes care of cocktails." Tenley's lifetime alcoholic consumption can be calculated in tablespoons, and it has only been since she stopped competing that she has allowed herself coffee. She is wary of an inherited Swedish weakness for the latter, and speaks as though if she were not prudent she would end up an abandoned coffee addict.

When Tudor arrived, fresh-faced and glowing, he elected fruit juice and water and reported on his wrestling, which had gone well. "That's the trouble, at my age. You have a good workout and feel all exhilarated, and then you have to rest for a week." Tudor was not planning to rest for a week. He was planning to compete on the coming Saturday, his first serious competition in six years, in an open meet with the best young wrestlers in the Northeast.

"I feel very well," he said, looking ahead fearlessly. "Of course, you don't know until the draw—you might have only two matches, or you might have six long ones. I don't think I am capable of going for six long matches. It is a self-correcting situation, however. If you are tired your opponent is apt to oblige you by pinning you in two minutes."

continued

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Tudor judged his weight, for his 6 feet, to be about 220. "I think it is a good idea to eat lightly—my duty to my life insurance company. But I have always been a little overweight. I was always trying to play football, though I was never fast enough to get out of my own way. I held up the dummies. Any physical development that took place was due entirely to wrestling."

Was it pure love of football, then, that had kept Tudor at it? "No, I hated it. I did it because it was my duty. I felt that it was the moral responsibility of anybody big enough to go out for football. Somebody has to hold up those dummies." In answer to a question about wrestlers' puffy ears Tudor graciously demonstrated a hold on Tenley, who had risen from her chair without being asked, and Tenley produced a medical explanation of the effects upon ears of being ground together, and it was time for dinner.

"I must warn you," Tenley said, "that the soup is not a first course. Tudor likes to eat lightly after he has been exercising, and he's fond of homemade soup." (Not homemade by Tenley, who will explain that she does not "indulge in cooking. I gave Lilla a melba toast round with peanut butter on it once, and Tudor said, 'Lilla, *moi* your mother a good cook?')")

The homemade soup and the salad and the sparkling Catawba grape juice were delicious and light, and Tudor expatiated upon the value of sport and exercise. "One of the good things about sports for teen-agers is that the scope is limited; it frees them from the burden of choice." Tudor, of course, is a particular proponent of amateur wrestling, an insufficiently appreciated sport, in his opinion. He did isometric exercises on the trip to Japan, and he is doing the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises and has lost 18 pounds. "They improved my wind, which I badly needed. After 1939 I had got into worse and worse shape, and older and older, and now my wife is compelling me to be younger and younger," Tudor spoke cheerfully, as a man may, when he is succeeding where a good many have failed. "A good brisk walk is better than nothing," he went on. "Perhaps the only point upon which I am in agreement with Mr. Truman."

The following Saturday the philologist and the physician drove to Lawrence, Mass., for the NEAAU Open Wres-



WORKING OUT WITH HEAVYWEIGHT, TUDOR GARDINER STRUGGLES TO AVOID PIN

ting Meet. Tudor was going to be the oldest contender, and Tenley was in for a seven- or nine-hour spell of spectating in a small gymnasium with a great many wrestlers. It promised to be a demanding afternoon.

After two hours the atmosphere was heavy with earnestness on the part of the wrestlers, and it was warm. Tudor, in a patched gray sweat suit, a towel tucked in at the neck, made a splendid appearance. Not a line in his face, as they say in the novels, and the light of battle in his eye. He pointed out his three opponents in the heavyweight division, and they looked alarming. One of them weighed over 275 pounds to Tudor's suddenly frail 218. "I never thought I'd see Tudor look *small*," Tenley said, darting nervous glances at the three mountainous lumps disposed at various points against the wall.

"If I can get him on my back I will have him," Tudor was saying of one of the young men. "On the other hand, if he gets me on my back he will have me." The heavyweights were conserving their strength, as Tudor was, because they were not due to wrestle until fairly late. Tenley regarded some fierce young men wrestling three feet in front of her. It was now very warm. "Tudor," she said, "I think I'll go out for just a breath of air."

"You poor little thing. You must take care of yourself," Tudor said kindly, but was at once intent again on the bout.

Two and a half hours later Tudor was drinking honey. "That's a guillotine, Tenley," he said, pointing to a hold one young man had on another. "Remember I showed you?" "I remember," Tenley said. "It hurts." Tudor went off to warm up. "I like this because I know he is en-

joying himself the way I do when I'm skating." Tenley said, and then, "He calls that his Snoopy dance." Tudor, across the gymnasium, was hopping up and down and swinging his arms and achieving a very fair resemblance to the *Pemur* dog, Snoopy. Elsewhere the large young men were bestirring themselves and encouraging their blood to circulate. "I'm glad my knees don't shake when I'm skating," Tenley said. Finally Tudor and the first behemoth met. They measured each other, and closed, but appeared to continue to feel each other out, head to head.

"Go on, Tudor, get in there!" a young man behind Tenley said spiritedly and all but inaudibly. "Say it louder," Tenley begged him, incapable of shouting herself. "I can't," the boy said frankly. "I'm afraid he might do it, and get beat. It's been a while since he's wrestled, hasn't it?" he asked delicately.

Tudor lost, after a rather indefinite sort of match, by 1-0, and he came out chiding himself for holding out defensively for a draw.

"What is the plural of *mens sana in corpore sano*, Tudor?" someone asked him. "*Mentes sanas in corporibus sanis*," Tudor replied promptly, "but one would probably not use it. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is usually taken to be plural. I think I had better go and do some more Snoopy-dancing."

He did and he pinned his next two men handily, to the joy of many there assembled, especially Tenley, the Harvard men and everybody over 46, and then the two of them drove home to Beacon Hill, certainly a pair of *mentes sanas in corporibus sanis*, sound minds in sound bodies.

END



A JOINT FOR NEXT SEASON

Betty Grable's legs may have been worth the \$1 million they reputedly were insured for, but inch for inch that knee being gingerly dealt with on the opposite page has got to be worth more. That is because it is attached to Joe Namath, the Alabama quarterback recently engaged for \$400,000 to play football for the New York Jets. The hitch is the catch in his knee, an injury suffered in a college game last October and aggravated twice more during the season. The Jets gambled that with some judicious cutting the knee could be remade to hold up under the rigors of the professional game. Last week the operation (described in detail on the following pages) was performed.

Flying up to New York on a Friday, Namath held a press conference, downed a couple of Cokes and headed for Lenox Hill Hospital on the upper East Side of Manhattan. Lenox Hill is a favorite haunt of wounded Jets, having also on its rolls at the time Joe was admitted Marshall Starks (nasty fracture of the thighbone) and Pete Perreault (torn ligament in the ankle). Namath's 565-a-day room was stuck off in a corner of the eye, ear, nose and throat department to mislead inquisitive reporters, but Starks found it and careered his wheelchair through the door. There had been talk that other Jets resented Namath's fat contract, and Starks meant to reassure his new teammate. "Hi," he

said by way of introduction, "my name's Dessension." Everybody guffawed at the joke—and hoped it was just that. It probably was. Starks and Namath later shared an ordered-in \$4.50 pizza ("Pizzas come high hereabouts," said Joe).

On Monday, the morning of the operation, a nurse awakened Joe at 6:30—a flashlight in one hand, a hypodermic needle in the other. Scarcely had Namath had time to comb his hair and brush his teeth than the drug began to take effect, and he was on his way back to sleep. The operation was followed closely by the Jets' trainer, a scout, a publicity man and Joe's lawyer, Mike Bite of Bite Bite & Bite, Birmingham. Doctors and nurses, too, of course. When it was over, two observant nurses stood over Namath's unconscious form. "He's not as good-looking as they say," said one. "But look at his beautiful eyes," said the other, flipping a lid.

After this indignity Namath was faced with another: when he revived his doctor made him lift his right leg, a fairly unnerving and painful experience. Joe Namath was equal to it and to the weeks of similar therapy ahead of him. "There's a sign in the Alabama locker room that says 'It's all in the mind,'" he said, "but I got something to tell Coach Bryant when I get back. It may be all in the mind, but it hurts just the same."

CONTINUED



SURGICAL SALVAGE of Namath's knee began on operating table (left) with nurse applying tourniquet. Shortly after operation a second nurse checks Namath's responses (above) as he begins to come out of anesthesia in recovery room. Awaiting news, Jet President Sonny Wertheim chats nervously with quarterback's lawyer, Mike Bity.



AFTER THE KNIFE, A KNEE STRONG AS BEFORE?

by GILBERT CANT

The knee, say the medical textbooks with unusual and depressing unanimity, is probably the most vulnerable joint in the body, especially from the viewpoint of athletic injury. This is not only because it carries most of the body's weight and has had to adapt to man's upright posture. The knee also is the joint upon which the greatest strains are imposed in many forms of athletics, and some of these are strains that nature could not have anticipated in the evolution of the joint.

A prime example, not foreseen by nature in designing man for "light or flight," is the stress that is put upon the quarterback's knee at the end of the roll-out in football. After running to his right, the player slams on the brakes and puts terrific strain on his right knee as he prepares to take off in another direction to advance the ball.

Doing just that is what put Joe Namath in New York's Lenox Hill Hospital last week for surgery to determine whether the American Football League Jets can hope to recover their \$400,000 investment in the University of Alabama senior. The chances are better than even that they will be able to, since the knee's vulnerability can be compensated for by increasing the strength of its muscles.

The knee's job is fairly simple—to serve as a hinge—but its design is complex. Dr. Don H. O'Donoghue writes in *Treatment of Injuries to Athletes*, which has become the bible of dressing-room orthopedists: "While functionally the knee joint is a hinge joint, physiologically it is a gliding joint." This gliding is especially noticeable where the kneecap joins the thighbone (see diagram), "sliding up and down in the femoral groove as the knee is flexed or extended." To keep the knee from bending too far when the leg is extended, to keep it from bending sideways and to join its various parts in one supple mechanism, there are strong bands of fibrous ligament.

To reinforce what Dr. O'Donoghue calls "this anatomically unstable" struc-

ture are many muscles. Perhaps the most important is the quadriceps, which runs from the hip right down the top (front) of the thigh to its attachments with the kneecap and tibia. It is the quadriceps that extends the knee to make the leg straight. Running down behind the knee from the back of the thighbone are the hamstring muscles. It is by contracting these muscles that we bend the knee.

The commonest of all knee injuries are minor sprains, which involve slight tearing due to unnatural twisting or stretching of ligaments. The treatment for such sprains consists basically of rest, exercise of the quadriceps muscle and ice packs. Splinting is used, too, when necessary.

Many of the more serious knee injuries also involve ligaments. In these cases the fibrous bands may be so badly torn as to be shredded, or pulled clear away from their attachments to bone. Injuries of this severity require an operation, and the surgeon must stitch the torn ligaments, or overlap two of them to get a strong one, or reinforce them with tissue from elsewhere in the leg, or drill little holes in bone ends to get a firm anchorage—whatever is necessary in the light of what he finds when the damage is exposed to view. A football player who has had surgery for a major ligament injury will find few buyers at any price.

About equally common is a totally different type of injury involving a different structure. The heart of the knee hinge is where the bottom of the thighbone (femur) rests on the top of the shinbone (tibia). But the bone ends are not designed to fit closely together, and to make the whole assembly work better (perhaps to make it last longer), nature has stuck a couple of shock absorbers in between the two bone ends. These are made of cartilage, which is entirely distinct in its cellular and biochemical makeup from ligament.

The shock absorbers are called menisci, because they reminded some early anatomist of a meniscus or lens. The one on the outside is the lateral, and that on the inside, where the knees knock, is the medial. This medial men-

iscus is shaped so obviously like a half-moon that the anatomists have called it the "semilunar." But that is only the way the meniscus looks from above or below. Looked at edgewise, it is wedge-shaped, much thicker on the outside of the curve and gradually thinning toward the center. In a powerfully built man like Joe Namath each meniscus is about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick at the edge and thins down to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. The lateral meniscus is more nearly a complete circle than the medial.

It was toward the half in Alabama's Oct. 10 game against North Carolina State that Joe Namath rolled out to his right and started to cut back. At this moment his right knee simply "gave way on him" (even orthopedists know no classier way to describe what happened), and he fell to the ground in agonizing pain. No one had hit him.

Namath's knee was iced down at once. In the dressing room he continued to complain of pain, particularly on the outside and the back of the knee. After 48 hours the joint was swollen with "water on the knee," and the team surgeon, Dr. Ernest C. Brock Jr., inserted a hollow needle and relieved the pressure by withdrawing some of the fluid.

Namath was able to play about half the game against Tennessee on Oct. 17 and did well for another week. Then, in the first quarter of the Florida game, at the same point in the roll-out, the knee gave way a second time, and again no one had hit Joe. This time the abused knee swelled more markedly, and Joe began to complain of pain on the inside, too. And this time when the doctors aspirated fluid, it was mixed with blood. Joe was on and off the field for weeks, had his knee collapse a third time in late December, then crowned his college career with a memorable Orange Bowl performance in which he almost beat Texas singlehanded and one-legged (SI, Jan. 11).

With the Jets' more-than-generous contract signed, it was time for surgery. The pain on the outside suggested that the lateral meniscus was more likely the one affected. But at New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, Drs. Robert Freiberger and Paul Killoran used a recently

perfected, ultrasensitive method for getting more precise X rays.

Joe was fully conscious when they administered a local anesthetic and then injected a radiopaque dye (containing iodine) and compressed air into the joint space of his knee. Under pressure, the air sought hollow spaces and found one in the place where the meniscus was torn. It proved to be the medial meniscus. The lateral looked all right. Joe's legs are like those of an oak piano, and the powerful bones showed no sign of chips or other injuries. But lurking behind the joint was a small, fluid-filled cyst.

Last week at Lenox Hill Hospital, Joe was knocked out with a general anesthetic (thiopental sodium) by 8 a.m., and at 8:11 a.m. the Jets' surgeon, Dr. James A. Nicholas, made a three-inch incision just below and inside the kneecap. He found that the medial meniscus had been shredded and torn away from its outer attachments. It was crumpled into a wedge. When Joe had tried to extend his leg, this extra thickness had kept his knee hinge from closing completely.

There was only one thing for Surgeon Nicholas to do: cut the whole thing out. Orthopedists have learned recently that if any part of the meniscus is left in, far from serving any useful function as a shock absorber, it becomes a growth site for unnatural tissue or causes erosion of normal bone, and the whole thing has to be cut out later on. Surprisingly, leaving the meniscus space empty, to be filled

with air and fluid, causes no discomfort or appreciable imbalance. Checking other structures in the exposed joint, Dr. Nicholas found that one ligament had been stretched. To tighten it, he folded it back on itself in a pleat, and put in a few stitches. He made a shorter (1½-inch) incision on the outer side of the knee, to check on the lateral side, and found it undamaged. The two incisions and removal of the cyst—which probably had not bothered Namath much anyway, but was better out—prolonged the operation to an hour and 13 minutes.

As soon as Joe Namath emerged from the wooziness of anesthesia, he found Dr. Nicholas at the foot of his bed in the recovery room, grabbing his ankle, and telling him to lift that right leg and keep it straight. This proved even tougher than playing on the injured knee had been. It hurt—plenty. But surgeons who treat these and similar injuries insist that retraining by exercise (they prefer this term to "rehabilitation") must begin without so much as an hour's delay. Joe had to lift that extended leg, no matter how much it hurt at first, 50 times a day. He also had to contract his quadriceps muscle forcefully (as in a strong twitch) 400 times a day. These exercises will continue. In three or four weeks, he will have a weight put on his foot, and he will have to lift that, both with his knee bent and with his leg extended, to get back full strength in the upper part of his quadriceps.

Joe Namath is due to leave the hospital this week, but before him are some three to four months of retraining back on campus at Tusculoosa. That right leg, the doctors are determined, is going to be stronger than the uninjured left before he goes back to athletics. It has to be, so that he won't be tempted to favor it. But if all goes as well as the doctors now expect, Joe Namath will be playing for the Jets this fall and running as well as before.

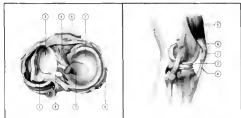
Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Namath's injury is that he was able to play as much and as well as he did for more than two months. And this is involved with what orthopedists and other athletics physicians are most concerned about for all players: There is, they protest, far too little care taken in deciding at what age a boy shall begin to play football, too little attention given to training him in how to avoid injuries and far too great a tendency to send him back into the game if he says he can make it. Joe Namath is an exceptional athlete by any standard: at 21, he is physically mature and yet very limber, and he knows how to take care of himself. He and Coach Paul Bryant worked out plays for the end of last season that took some strain off Joe's knee. Having had surgery within little more than three months, he has probably not aggravated the trouble appreciably.

Doctors who specialize in the treatment of athletes' injuries say that if this sort of thing happens to a 17-year-old in high school—as it does, all too often—the boy is not likely to get expert orthopedic attention soon enough, if at all. A second or third injury may then do major and irreparable damage to the knee. Many a man in his 40s or 50s who now brags of having a "trick knee" dating from some famous college game has actually developed arthritis and is in for a lot more handicapping pain.

In football, it seems, a certain number of knee injuries cannot be prevented. The Giants have had at least a dozen cases this season, half of them requiring surgery. But if the injuries cannot be prevented, they can be treated in time to minimize damage and the risk of disablement. Joe Namath's right knee just happens to be the one with the highest price tag on it.

END

DRAWING BY DR. PAUL PICK



TORN CARTILAGE IN JOE NAMATH'S KNEE was in the medial meniscus (1). This, like the lateral meniscus (2), is a tough shock absorber between the thighbone and shinbone (3). At left, view through middle of the joint shows Namath's injury and marblelike cyst on back of knee. For its stability the knee joint depends largely on its ligaments (4), and one of these in Namath's knee had been stretched so that it needed "pleating" to shorten and tighten it. Namath's recovery of full strength in the knee will be aided by vigorous exercise of the quadriceps muscle (5), which is attached by tendons (6) to the kneecap (7) and the shinbone.

Fullen Skier of the Week: Beatie **John Lennon**, who was coaxed onto the slopes with difficulty in the first place. Accompanied by wife Cynthia, Lennon set off briskly enough from his St. Moritz hotel, but after 20 yards his enthusiasm and energy vanished. Only when a taxi was found to take him the remaining 180 yards to the cable railway did he continue. After 10 minutes of tying boots and fitting skis, Lennon again pronounced himself exhausted. Eventually he arrived at the nursery slopes at Chantarella Station where he promptly fell (*below*). While he was still untangling, two chic Englishwomen swept expertly by. Called one to the other, "I think that's Ringo, darling!"

New Republican National Committee Chairman Ray Bliss, who may be a harned man in coming months, was once a harrier. "Bliss is a capable runner on whom much can be depended in the hard grind of cross-country work," said his coach, Frank Thomas, at the University of Akron in 1927. Unfortunately for the Akron Zippers, thin-clad Bliss was lured away from cross-country

by the attractions of campus politics. His political opponents, past and present, may wish to ponder another coaching evaluation of Ray Charles Bliss: "He had the guts," says Thomas, "to finish a race when others dropped out."

Johnny Dee, Notre Dame basketball coach, maintains that he has an absolutely sure-fire way to get out of his four-year contract should he so desire. "All I have to do," says Dee, "is give a scholarship to a kid in Florida who has been pestering me for one. His name is Johnny Goldfarb."

Princeton, which is already losing All-America Basketball Player Bill Bradley and Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi, its best back since Dick Kaastra, may also have to do without the services of J. Graham Findlay. Do not underestimate the importance of J. Graham Findlay: he generates fear in the hearts of opponents with his bloodthirsty roars and other acts of ferocity. Findlay, you see, is the Princeton Tiger, by consensus the best Tiger ever. To earn his stripes, Findlay had to qualify in size, authenticity of roar, length of

sail and savagery of mien. Furthermore, he has not lost a hair of his \$665 tawny fur sun, though last year 50 Penn freshmen tried to skin him. Now Findlay, a junior, is thinking of retiring. "It's hot inside all that fuzz," he complains. "I get tired roaring and often I cannot see the game. I want out."

Mrs. Gwendolyn Cafritz, Washington hostess with a bundle (if not the mostest), was the victim of a \$400,000 jewelry robbery last week. Although she was bound, gagged, blindfolded and beaten by thieves disguised in bathingsuits, Mrs. Cafritz was surprisingly cheerful after the theft. She attributed her ability to survive the shock to her excellent physical condition. Perhaps as a sort of carryover from her youth, when she once swam the Hesperus "because Lord Byron did it." Mrs. Cafritz swims a dozen or more laps daily in her pool.

Step right up and get your **Willie Mays** life insurance! The Willie Mays Agency, Inc., a division of Pennsylvania Life Insurance, has opened in San Francisco with branches in Los Angeles and Chicago. President Mays and a corps of agents recruited from professional athletes in all major sports will be waiting to serve you.

Lawrence Cardinal Shehan, 66, of Baltimore concedes he has given up tennis and swimming in favor of "good brisk walks," but contends that isn't as easy as it sounds. "People often recognize me and are eager to offer me a lift," he says. "To get a good walk I have to seem a little rude."

It was quite a shindig. In fact, that was the name of the television program—ABC's *Shindig*. There on the flickering screen 1,082 pounds of pro football players were singing and tripping a ponderous fantastic. Calling themselves "The Fearsome

Four," **Roosevelt Grier**, **Deve Jones**, **Lamar Lundy** and **Merlin Otton** of the Los Angeles Rams defensive unit thundered through a routine in which **Rosy Grier** sang the lead. The only fright the quartet admitted to was a generally shared fear that the stage might collapse.

Blinky Palermo, former under-cover owner of **Sonny Liston** and manager of **Ike Williams**, is now basketball coach at the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa., his present place of residence.

Leroy (Satchel) Paige (*below*), age indefinite, has warmed up the old soupbone for a pitching comeback. This time, however, Satch is performing for the Harlem Globetrotters. Late in each game, reliever Paige trots onto the court and serves up a home-run path to Globetrotter cleanup man Meadowlark Lemon, who then circles imaginatively bases. Or at least Satch is supposed to throw goffer balls. Trouble is, recently that matchless old arm has mastered the knack of pitching even a 30-inch ball, and Lemon keeps striking out.





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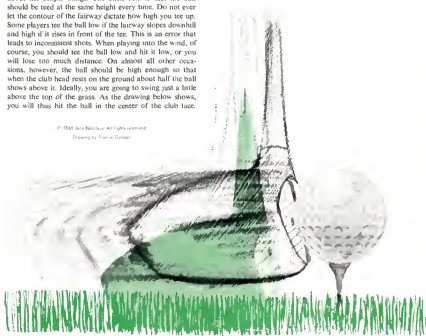


"The place where you keep your checking account"

For a direct hit, tee the target high

How high you should tee a ball is another of those seemingly insignificant elements of golf that can matter a great deal. There is no point in working out something as complex as the pivot if you then ruin shots by being careless about the simple things. The basic rule is that the ball should be teed at the same height every time. Do not ever let the contour of the fairway dictate how high you tee up. Some players tee the ball low if the fairway slopes downhill and high if it rises in front of the tee. This is an error that leads to inconsistent shots. When playing into the wind, of course, you should tee the ball low and hit it low, or you will lose too much distance. On almost all other occasions, however, the ball should be high enough so that when the club head rests on the ground about half the ball shows above it. Ideally, you are going to swing just a little above the top of the grass. As the drawing below shows, you will thus hit the ball in the center of the club face.

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Drawing by Francis Golden



This ball may seem to be teed too high, for when the driver is in the address position half of the ball shows above the

club head. But if the swing is correct the club will be slightly above the grass at impact and will meet the ball solidly.

One Canadian takes charge of three meets

He is tireless Bill Crothers who—ss leader of a vigorous foreign invasion—last week added three more victories to a growing collection that could encompass most of the indoor season's middle-distance races

The promised invasion of foreign track-and-field stars was in full swing by the end of last week, but there was one development of some surprise: the most successful visitor of all did not come from overseas but merely from across the border. He is Bill Crothers, a diffident young man whose chief distinction until recently was that he was the best unknown runner in the world. He is better known now.

Respectable and soft of voice, Crothers has—off the track—the dynamic appeal of your friendly neighborhood pharmacist. To natives of Markham, Ont., a northern suburb of Toronto, this is not particularly surprising; Crothers is the friendly neighborhood pharmacist. But at 24, he is also second only to New Zealand's Peter Snell as a middle-distance runner. This is a pity. Had he run in any other era, most likely he would have been second to none. But best or not, he is certainly the most tireless middle-distance runner of this or any other age.

In the last four years track has boomed as an indoor activity. The annual program of meets has grown from about 10, all in the East, to about 30, coast to coast. Crothers' activities have expanded similarly because he is a man who likes to run. Two weeks ago in Los Angeles, "on the spur of the moment," he entered and won both the 600- and 1,000-yard runs. Five nights later he began a punishing program of four races in three successive nights in three different cities. At times his running assignments seemed only a minor chore. He spent most of the long weekend crawling into bed late and jumping out early, climbing out of one airplane and into the next.

Competitively, the weekend began with an exhilarating win in the half mile at the Millrose Games in New York. It ended 48 hours later at the Boston AA

Games with Crothers, his legs feeling as mushy as foam rubber, lunging through the tape to win the 600 yards by 10 feet in 1:09.3, just a tenth of a second off the world indoor record. Sandwiched in between were two assignments at Toronto: a meet record victory in the 600 and a 47.9 anchor leg for the East York Track Club mile relay team.

How is it that Crothers, who finished second to Snell in the 800-meter run at the Tokyo Olympics, can accomplish so much while the Olympic stars of the U.S. are still fighting the battle of the bulge around their waists? "I never get out of shape," he explained last weekend. "It's like piling brick on brick. Your running should improve year after year, but to keep improving this way you've got to keep training all year round. Besides, it's a lot easier to stay in shape than to fall out and get back in." These are not just idle words about vigorous deeds. Crothers resumed his post-Olympic training the night he got home from Tokyo.

Fine, but why four hard races in 48 hours? "It's just something you have to do, and you might as well be philosophical about it," Crothers said, omitting to mention his proprietary interest in the East York Track Club. By agreeing to run in meets, he manages to inveigle promoters into inviting his teammates to compete, thus providing them with exposure and badly needed international experience.

"It may not be that much of an ordeal, anyway," he said Thursday before his first race of the week. "Pretense mental tension can be more exhausting than a fast race in which you're feeling relaxed. Right now I feel relaxed." He was riding from Kennedy Airport on the way to his mid-New York motel to rest before the Millrose Games. The meet was a sellout. Just under 16,000 people were on hand when Crothers

emerged from a subterranean storage room in Madison Square Garden where a few knowing athletes warm up.

"I'd been running in the Garden two and a half years before I discovered it," Crothers said.

The race was hardly more than an extension of his warmup, though quite a bit brasher. For the first half Crothers floated along in third place, behind Ed Duchini, a bushy-haired Georgetown senior and Frank Tomco of the Marines.

"At the quarter I heard someone yell '58 seconds,' a pretty slow pace, and I thought, 'Uh, uh, they'll all be taking off now.'"

None so fast as Crothers. Above the waist he is all bones and angles, but his legs are powerfully muscular. He can sprint a 100 yards in 10.2. Showing neither strain nor obvious acceleration, he lengthened his stride and quickened it, although it was not noticeable, and simply assumed the lead with a lap and a half of the 5½-lap journey to go. He won by 30 feet in the good indoor time of 1:51.2.

"It happens very seldom, but I felt comfortable during the whole race. It was fast enough not to get boring and not so fast that it took much out of me."

This was said the following afternoon on the flight back to Toronto when he was feeling anything but comfortable. Indoor track stars are not coddled. Crothers and two of his East York teammates shared a room in New York that contained two double beds. A coin was flipped, and Crothers spent from 1:30 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. struggling for blanket space with teammate Don McCarty.

By Friday night the relaxation he had felt in New York was completely gone. "I'm always worried when I run at home," he explained. "They don't have too many local track heroes, and they save up their enthusiasm. It's very embarrassing to lose."

This test, at 600 yards, could have been a really tough one. But Mike Larabee, the 400-meter gold medalist at Tokyo, dropped out in mid-race with a muscle pull, and Crothers shot by Jamaica's George Kerr, fourth in the Olympic 300, with just more than a lap to go and won by eight yards. His time was a meet record, 1:11.3, very good on a track that has the tightest turns in the East. An hour and five minutes later

he was back, whirling through an anchor leg for the mile-relay team that brought the East Yorkers from a distant third to a reasonably close second behind swift North Carolina College and sent 10,617 hero worshipers into a local approximation of hysteria.

On a chill Saturday morning Crothers and the almost equally active relay team were off to Boston, changing planes en route in New York.

"I felt good when I got up," Crothers said between short naps on the two plane rides. "But I'm a bit lousy now. Some sleep in Boston should fix me up, and by tonight I'll be good and scared and ready to run. Whoever wins will have to go under 1:10."

Crothers had every cause for alarm. He was running against Tommy Farrell, the best half-miler in the U.S., who had finished fifth in the Olympic 800 meters, had won the Millrose 600 and had been lying in wait for Crothers ever since. Farrell, who is short and muscular compared to the tall (6 feet), lean (155 pounds) Crothers, shot into the lead at the start like a man with a plan, which indeed he had. Reasoning that Crothers was a tired greyhound, Farrell decided to be a steady but slightly out-of-reach rabbit. Ed Duchini and Ollan Cassell jumped right with him. Crothers, surprised, ran alone back of the pack coming out of the first turn.

"I felt very comfortable so I didn't worry," said Crothers, who seems perturbed only when he races against Snell. Again moving up without seeming effort, he went around the field with 240 yards to go and passed Farrell as the gun popped for the last lap.

"On the backstretch my legs suddenly began to feel soft," Crothers said. "I thought I had a good lead, but then I heard the pounding of feet getting awfully close. From the last turn to the tape I ran from pure fear. Right now I could use a three-week vacation."

Another man who could use a prolonged rest is New Zealand's small but durable Bill Baillie. His odyssey was, if not quite as successful, fully as agonizing as the Canadian's. Baillie arrived in New York after a two-night, virtually sleepless trip from home barely in time for his first race. He ran second to George Young in the Millrose two-mile, left the next morning for Toronto, where he won the three-mile, and capped the weekend with a two-mile victory over Young in Boston.

This seems to be the pattern for a busy season. Crothers will continue his raiding expeditions from north of the border, and an ever-increasing horde of foreigners will challenge in other events. The U.S.'s best runners will have to slim down their waistlines quickly or there will be an awful lot of medals, watches and indoor records traveling abroad this winter.

END



A FIGHTER EVEN WHEN NOT RUNNING, CROTHERS BARKS ADVICE TO RELAY TEAM

Two Canadians raid Aspen

Led by a swift Little Annie Rooney and a studious stripling, a new Dominion team startled U.S. skiers in Aspen's Roch Cup meet

When winter storms howl through the Rocky Mountains, the roads around Colorado's Aspen ski complex become treacherous and air travel ceases. Aspen's 2,500 permanent residents and 3,000 floating tourists are, in effect, imprisoned. But this never causes undue alarm. In such times Aspen is the swiftest prison in the world.

Last week as storms of classic ferocity closed Aspen in, the more adventurous inmates skied a little and everybody afterwards a lot, from sauna to fireside to jumping jazz spots like the place where Pianist Teddy Wilson's fingers wedded on the keys.

Out on the mountain Aspen throbbed to a different beat, for the best racers in North America were competing for the 19th annual Roch Cup Championships. For three days they came floating down from the 10,800-foot level in eerie, flat light, slithering like high-speed ghosts through shadowy spruce groves.

This was to have been a meet in which the leading Americans scrapped among themselves for the major victories. Most of these were accorded in advance to National Alpine Coach Bob Beattie and his rigorously trained team. And it should be said at once that the American ace, Billy Kidd, the transplanted Vermonter who races on Beattie's own University of Colorado team, handily captured the most important silver. With reckless poise he swept the men's downhill, slalom and giant slalom and thus the Roch Cup itself, and he is undoubtedly in the form of his life for the international meet that will bring the Austrian and French national teams to America next month.

This was a case of a world-class skier proving his class. Aspen's surprise was its revelation of a bold new Canadian posture in world ski racing—one to rival that nation's successes in indoor track. The Canadians turned up at Aspen travel-weary and unheralded, but with

their first full-time coach and an ambitious new goal.

"We did not come here to win everything in sight—this time," said Coach Dave Jacobs, standing above the cloud line on the mountain and feeding his racers one at a time into the starting gate. "But we will win in the future. Watch us. This is our first year under a new Canadian program. It should get results. We copied it exactly—and unblushingly—from the Americans."

Results? The Canadians got them in a hurry. Jacobs brought along nine boys and eight girls, one of them a moppet of 15. All were in uniforms consisting mostly of ski pants and eager looks. The most eager-looking was 21-year-old Nancy Greene. At 5 foot 2 she could play Little Annie Rooney on the stage. She is wiseful and big-eyed and stands small and slender beside the American girls. But oh, what that 5 foot 2 can do! Among other things, Nancy Greene can do 40 deep knee bends with a 170-pound barbell across her shoulders, and she skis like a blur. She deceived everybody two years ago and won the downhill at Aspen. As a Canadian Olympian at Innsbruck she dashed to seventh in the downhill, the first North American girl across the line.

Last week Nancy stood Aspen on its frosty ear. On Friday she slashed her way through the gray light on a downhill course that was—to her tough way of thinking—not fast enough, and she outskied all the Americans.

"Mark that one down," said Nancy at the finish line, looking tiny and innocent and eating a chocolate bar that broke into hard pieces in the cold. "Canada won that event. We may look funny here, but we mean business. Do you know how we train in Canada? We didn't have any regulation slalom or downhill poles, see, so we made them ourselves. And know what we did? We painted them in real nice colors. We're the only country

in international racing that uses aqua and pink and mauve and pale-yellow poles. They're very pretty, really, and we go just as fast through them. Don't you think?"

When Nancy got through with them the only shade the American girls could see was Greene. On Saturday she slipped in first in the slalom. On Sunday she placed fourth in the giant slalom to America's Linda Meyers. Not winning made her so mad she raced down the giant slalom course again as self-punishment, but she had taken the combined championship and the Bingham Cup, the girls' equivalent of the Roch Cup.

More evidence of the Canadian push came from studious Peter Duncan, a tall stripling unfamiliar to the world of big-time Alpine racing. He followed Kidd home second in the slalom, wallowing such American Olympians as Jim Heuga and Bill Marolt, and added a neat third in the giant slalom.

Coach Jacobs sees still faster days ahead. "Canada must first break the psychological barrier in ski racing," he said. "The Americans have already done it. They don't think that European racers are supermen anymore. We're developing that attitude with this new plan."

The new program is familiar enough: the national team is closely tied to a col-



PERMINE STAR at Aspen was tiny Nancy Greene, who outskied U.S. girls and was combined with two firsts and a fourth.

lege. In the U.S. the home base is Colorado U.; in Canada it is tiny Notre Dame University of Nelson, B.C.

"We picked Notre Dame last year for a special reason," explained Jacobs. "It is small, with a student body of about 600. There are good facilities nearby for ski training. The town of Nelson has other facilities that fit our purpose: a good high school, a good art school and an excellent vocational school. When I was asked to take on the coaching job full time I contacted all the best young racers in Canada and persuaded them to come to Nelson. That wasn't too hard. Then I had to convince them to pay \$1,500 a season to cover their coaching, travel, room and board at the school. Tuition costs them more. Something like another \$600.

"We now have a team of 20 racers. Eleven are enrolled at Notre Dame; five are in the high school, one is in the art school. The others work in town. What is important now is that we are all together. We are training as a team for the first time. And we are developing a new mood and sense of national pride."

Not to mention national grit: to get to the races the Canadians piled helmets and skis into two Volkswagen buses and drove four hours to Spokane. Then they took a train to Denver. It was a rattling 30-hour ride. In Denver they rented three cars and a station wagon and drove another six hours to Aspen over snow-slicked roads.

Couch Beattie got the message. "The Canadians are here," he announced to his American team. "This is wonderful. I mean it. We have to have major competition in America on the big mountains. Well, we are getting it."

To an interviewer he added: "Now it all starts for Canada and Couch Jacobs. This meet will touch Canada off. Now national pressures will be on him and his team as never before. Now Canada will want to win."

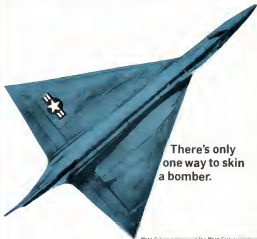
And then—with the flair for the provocative that kept him lightly sautéing in his personal frying pan last winter until his tough talk was redeemed with Olympic medals—Beattie concluded: "You know what? It looks like the center of international racing competition is moving to the North American continent."

Put that in your Kandahar, Austria; slide that one down Chamonix, France. See you in March.

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BIGGEST BIRD IS AFRICAN OSTRICH WHICH CAN'T FLY



MARCONI (RIGHT) AND THE WORLD'S FIRST CAR RADIO

CONTINUED

...RECORD MANIAC

BY J.A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

I was a raw and windy day in the autumn of 1954. A party of sportsmen waited in skilfully built blinds near the estuary of the Slaney River, close to Wexford on the southeast tip of the Irish coast. Among them was Sir Hugh Beaver, Knight Commander Order of the British Empire, Managing Director of Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd., scientist and asker of questions. The estuary is famous for its wild-fowling, and on this afternoon large numbers of geese and ducks had been moving about, with Sir Hugh haggard his share. But there was one kind of bird that Sir Hugh did not hit. Without warning, as is their way, a small flock of golden plover came streaking past the blind, to be gone almost before they had come. Sir Hugh fired both barrels, to no purpose. His vanity was not piqued, but his curiosity was.

That evening, as the hunters warmed themselves by their host's convivial fire and clutched the necessary whiskey and sodas, they reviewed the day's events.

"By the way, Sir Hugh, did you get any of those plovers?" the host asked.

"The plover? No, beyond me. I'm afraid. My goodness, they do move. Doing a hundred, I should say."

"But surely not as fast as a driven grouse downwind?" suggested someone else.

"Oh, yes, far faster. Must be the fastest game bird we've got. In fact, it would just be a matter of luck..."

"What about teal, though? They can..."

The argument developed nicely and to no immediate resolution, as is the case with most such sporting discussions. But this one was going to have a remarkable result. There was no means of checking on the flight speed of birds that night, so Sir Hugh had to let the matter wait until he returned to London. There he consulted encyclopedias and various well-regarded reference books. He searched under Ornithology, Birds, Speed, Velocity, Shooting and other likely headings, but there was no precise mention of bird speeds. It then occurred to him that it was monstrous that you could pay \$400 or so for a 24-volume encyclopedia and not have it tell you a simple thing like the speed of the fastest game bird. Why isn't there such a book? thought Sir Hugh, a book telling people about the fastest, longest, tallest, driest, hardest anything: a book of records.

Shortly thereafter Sir Hugh had a word with one of his young Guinness executives whom he knew to be of a sporting turn of mind. "Chris, where on earth do you find out things like this? Top speeds, records and so on?" Christopher Chataway, who at that very time held the world 5,000-meter record, admitted he did not know. There should be such a book, said Sir Hugh, and there was no reason why Guinness

should not publish it. He asked Chataway if he knew anybody who could put such a book together, and this time Chataway had an answer, the McWhirter twins. Chataway knew the twins as a pair of track fanatics who put out a magazine called *Athletics World* in addition to running a fact-finding business.

Now, it is a recognized nonfact of human nature that nine-tenths of the world's literate population is insensitive to accuracy, oblivious to the niceties of precise speaking and cares little if a race has been won in 47 seconds, 46.3 seconds, or even, praise be, in 46 flat. The remainder, their opposites, care intensely. They will spend hours verifying unimportant details; they cut short interesting discussions by Looking It Up in books of reference, they cite numbers from charts and lists and tables while the wine gets warm and the soufflé gets cold. It is to this school that Norris and Ross McWhirter emphatically belong.

Norris was born at a house, called Giffnock, in Branscombe Gardens, Wincmore Hill, London N21, on August 12, 1925 at 7:40 p.m. (source of information, Mrs. McWhirter), and Ross was born 20 minutes later, a fact that Ross has never been allowed to forget. As the boys grew to 7 or 8, the age of general inquisitiveness, Mrs. McWhirter began to be appalled at the number of questions she was required to answer, and she made a small complaint about it to her husband, who was editor of the London *Daily Mail*. "Don't give them the answer," he advised. "Tell them to look it up for themselves." Never was mundane fatherly advice taken more literally. The twins began looking things up—everything—and have not stopped yet. After parallel careers of some distinction at Marlborough and Oxford—and track careers of some undistinction—they came to London in the late 1940s. There they set up a joint business where their passion for exact information could be turned to commercial advantage by supplying newspapers, writers, encyclopedia editors and other fact-hungry clients with the real McCoy for an agreed fee. No matter how many new facts they acquired, there always seemed to be someone who wanted to buy them, and the business did nicely, even if the track magazine they started on the side eventually had to be dropped.

On Chataway's recommendation, Norris and Ross McWhirter were asked to lunch in the boardrooms of the London offices of Guinness, and Norris recalls that the brew accompanying the meal was the famous product of the firm, but of a specially strong and dark draught that is reserved for the directors and their friends. Sir Hugh explained his thesis: that records and extremes are the gist of many of the

arguments that break out in Britain's 73,000 pubs: that there was no one volume to which the disputations could be referred for arbitration: that if Guinness could produce such a book, grateful drinkers who had been proved right would subliminally connect their success with Guinness and would drink more of the stuff which, as all the world knows, is good for them.

The luncheon then evolved into a sort of quiz, with the massed ranks of the Guinness directors attempting to expose the twins as know-not-enoughs. Such queries as the World's Heaviest Living Man (946 pounds), the Longest Line of Chorus Girls (Rockettes), the Most Powerful Lighthouse (France, 20 million candlepower) were nothing to the McWhirters. When they were asked in passing if they would be able to find out things like the world record for Squatting on Top of a Pole, the brothers knew already, pointing out that the glory undoubtedly belonged to St. Simeon, a Syrian monk who stuck it out for more than 30 years atop a 50-foot pillar near Qal'at-Seman in Syria in the 5th century A.D. They did not, it happened, know offhand the top speed of the golden plover or of the fastest game bird, but Sir Hugh forgave that. It was agreed that a new subsidiary company, Guinness Superlatives Ltd., would be formed to produce *The Guinness Book of Records*. The McWhirters would write the book.

Despite their prodigious memories and the many sources of reference material available to them, it was apparent that the McWhirters faced a formidable amount of work before any *Guinness Book of Records* could be called comprehensive. They began by writing to the heads of government departments and to university professors throughout the world. What was the World's Most Northerly Habitation? Who was the Most Prolific Murderer? Who were the Biggest Users of the Telephone? All these needed to be found out, as well as such obscurities as the Largest Will Proved in Ireland—which happened to be surprisingly easy, for it was the £13,486,146 left by the first Earl of Iveagh, who, born with the surname Guinness, went on to build quite a tidy family business. (The book contains surprisingly few plots for Guinness, although the family has acquired quite a lot of records: the second Earl owns the Largest Arable Farm in Britain; his wife, in 1931, received the Largest Majority for a Woman in a Parliamentary Election; the Guinness brewery is the Largest in Europe, and exports the Most Beer, Ale and Stout in the World; and Henry Paul Guinness Channon, great-grandson of the first Earl, is the Youngest Member of Parliament.)

Within a few months the twins had written thousands of letters to museums, libraries and men of eminence in more than 110 countries. Some were answered fully and promptly and others were ignored, which led the McWhirters to work out four fundamental rules for gathering information of this kind:

1) People are easily excited by letters from abroad. An Englishman who will not answer a letter with a London

postmark will respond instantly to an inquiry mailed from Hong Kong. So, when Norris McWhirter travels (he has visited 45 countries) he takes with him batches of letters for dispatch en route. Also, the French are insulted if you write to them in English and the Germans are insulted if you don't.

2) It is no good writing to a top helminthologist and asking him what is the Longest Tapeworm. Experts and scientists are far more interested in averages than in extremes. Instead you write and say you have heard of a tapeworm 35 feet long, and is there any chance that this could be true? Your correspondent invariably rises to the challenge and replies that 35 feet is nothing. He himself knows of a well-authenticated instance of 46 feet 10 inches, in Sumatra. . . .

3) Know your -ologists. There are 490 sorts—apart from "xerologists," which the twins use for themselves, "xerow" being Greek for a peak or extreme—and you have to get them right. For instance, if you are interested in the Oldest Tree, you must address yourself to no one but a dendrochronologist, whose specialty is assessing tree rings. A smattering of classical Greek helps with this sort of thing.

4) In spite of Rule 3, remember that the enthusiastic amateur expert is frequently much more helpful than the slightly bored professional.

Armed with these techniques and enough gall to ask questions anywhere, Norris and Ross spent several months collecting facts. Then, in 16 weeks of about 90 working hours each, they assembled the whole into a slim, green-covered, 198-page volume and got it out in time for the Christmas market of 1955. Every holiday season many slim volumes appear hopefully at the bookstalls, but rare is the one that sells more than a few thousand copies. As Christmas approached, the sales of the book, in which some \$35,000 was by now invested, were watched apprehensively by both the McWhirters and the Guinness executives (with the exception of Sir Hugh Beaver, of course, who had learned in his 65 years to know that his brainchildren work out well). It was wasted worry. The book was low-priced (70c) and in high demand. By New Year's small boys from the age of 8 to 80 were amazing themselves and boring their friends with the information that the Land Speed Record was 632 mph in a rocket sled, or that Mrs. Fedor Vassijet, who died in 1872, had given the world little Vassijets to the extent of 69 (16 pairs of twins, seven sets of triplets and four sets of quads).

Librarians quickly classed the book in the 001 category, meaning that it was as basic a work as *The World Almanac*, and one of them even unbent so far as to call it "the least inaccurate of reference books." Even *The Times* quoted it as an authority. Within four months it was England's No. 1 bestseller in the nonfiction class, with 187,000 copies sold. All this was only a little more than a year after Sir Hugh had been humiliated by the golden plover.

continued

The McWhirter twins, each enriched by some \$10,000 from royalties, saw that the *Book of Records* was a record good thing if it could be kept going, so they planned a new, revised and greatly enlarged edition for 1956. Every second year since then the book has been brought up to date and reissued, always with a cover of a new color and with a fresh selection of photographs. In 10 years a million people have apparently wanted a work that contains—according to the jacket—details of the “Largest, Smallest, Fastest, Heaviest, Longest, Highest, Slowest, Hottest, Oldest, Richest, Deepest, Tallest, Loudest, Mostest extremes in, on and beyond the Earth.” A special edition has been put out for American readers, called the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Demands came from publishers in France, Germany (the book is now available in the languages of both), Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, Italy and Japan.

As could be expected, sports records take up a significant part of the Guinness book—80 of its 316 pages—and there are numerous entries in the chapter on Human Achievement that might more properly be considered sporting, such as that of Kenneth H. H. Baily of Bournemouth, whose hobby is running at night. He has covered a record 132,992 miles in 44 years. He has never been run down by a car, but twice, the book notes, he has suffered vicious attacks by owls who were enraged at his luminous track suit. Naturally, all track and field records are in the book, and the task of revision in this area is immense. Nevertheless, the 1964 edition was up-to-date, printed and bound within two weeks after the last gold medal had been awarded at the Tokyo Olympics.

Other forms of sport get full coverage, too. The curious can learn that the United Kingdom record for the Three-Bearded Rocking was that splendid fish of 2 pounds 9 ounces landed by Master J. Harvey at Dartmouth in 1961; that in 1888 there was a double KO in the 77th round of a fight between Cal McCarthy and Jimmy Reagan when the pugilists' heads collided; that the Fastest Time for Running 100 Yards is as low as 7.8 seconds from a flying start in a relay race; and that a blind man has done a normal 100 in 11 seconds; that Circus Aerialist Lillian Leitzel was unbeatable at One-Handed Chinning, having performed this feat 27 times in succession, perhaps the only instance of a woman holding a strength record that is within the province of the male. There is, in the British edition, a good deal about cricket, and those who have heard that the game is a somewhat leisurely affair will not be surprised to read that T. Godfrey Evans, batting for England against Australia in a Test Match, was at the wicket for 97 minutes before he scored a run. By contrast, the Fastest Round of Golf was one achieved by a team of players at the Tam O'Shanter course in Chicago in 1939. They got the ball properly holed out 18 times in 17 minutes and 20 seconds.

In the course of the two years between editions a large number of records change, and this is not restricted to the athletic world. Take the case of the Remotest Tree. This

single palm, at the Sahara oasis of Tenere, had no neighbor within a thousand miles and well merited a place in the book. But despite the fair amount of space around it, the tree was rammed and damaged by a French truck driver in February 1960. “We were anxious about it,” said Norris, “because the record was rather a nice one. Then one of our readers happened to be passing the spot, and he let us know it was all right. Since then, much to our regret, we learned that it died, so we pruned it from the 1964 edition.”

To keep abreast of such matters, the McWhirters soon saw that casual record collecting would be of little use and that systematic research would be the only answer. Norris and Ross read, every week, about 30 magazines each, including a number from the U.S. They also subscribe to newswriting services and check dovens of government and U.N. reports.

“Then, of course, masses of people write in with unsolicited details of changed records, or suggestions for new ones that ought to be in,” says Norris. “A chap wrote from South Africa complaining that we did not list the plant with the Deepest Root System and told us it must be a certain African plant whose name he gave. We investigated his claim, which turned out to be totally wrong, but it did stimulate us to try and find out what the Deepest-Rooted Plant actually is (the African camel's thorn; down 150 feet).”

“In most instances we have heard of the information already, but I always take pains to write back gratefully, because the same chap may come up with something really hot next time. Also you develop a sort of sixth sense about records that are about to be broken, and you are already on the lookout for them.”

It must have been just such an occasion back on May 6, 1954. As well as being a fact master, a keen numismatist, a genealogist and a collector of two and a half tons of reference books, Norris also covers sport for the BBC and is a sports correspondent for *The Observer*. He was at Illey Road, near Oxford, that May day, helping to run a track meet by announcing the results to the small crowd of 2,000 spectators. One of the competing runners had once been at Oxford with Norris and Ross and had mentioned the night before that he was in pretty good trim and expected to do well. When the race was run and his pal had won it, Norris got the clocking from the timekeeper—his brother Ross. Then he spoke in calm and measured tones into the microphone:

“Ladies and gentlemen, here is the result of event No. 9, the mile. First, No. 41, R. G. Bannister, of the Amateur Athletic Association and formerly of Exeter and Merton Colleges, Oxford, with a time [pause] which is a new track and meet record [pause] and which, subject to ratification, will be a new English Native, British National, British All-Comers, European, British Empire [pause] and World Record. [Pause.] The time [pause], three minutes [there was an immediate hullabaloo, and it was a long time before he could complete the missing words of the sentence] 59.4 seconds.” The man, incidentally, who helped push Bannister

continued



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to the world's first four-minute mile and who finished second in the race himself, was Chris Chataway.

Norris thinks he has probably seen more records broken than anyone alive. Not long ago he and Ross tried to set some joint records, although only accidentally. During the 1964 election both stood as Conservative candidates, both polled 19,000-odd votes and neither was elected. This was a pity, because they would have been the Only Twin M.P.s at present in the House of Commons, the Youngest Ever Twin M.P.s, the Only Recorded Southpaw Twin M.P.s and who knows what else, had the electorate of Orpington and Edmonton constituencies voted more to the right.

"As a matter of fact, I'm rather chary of people who deliberately set out to break records, except the purely competitive ones in athletics," says Norris. "Some records I do not like putting in the book at all, especially if they are dangerous to life and limb. Those gastronomic extremes, like Police Constable Clive Bean's 40 bananas in 40 minutes, must be quite perilous. And we refuse to include the British road records, like Oxford to London and Oxford to Cambridge, which are so extraordinarily fast that they are a public menace. If we made it a challenge by printing these, we would be responsible for people being killed. The Frenchman who motored 248,568 miles in a year was quite different: that was endurance.

"The only damage we have caused so far is the destruction of a number of pianos. In one edition we gave the record for Smashing an Upright Piano and Passing the Entire Wreckage Through a Nine-inch Ring as 14 minutes and 3 seconds, set by two students at the Derby College of Technology in Derbyshire. This brought on a worldwide epidemic of piano-smashing, mostly in universities. The present record, which we think is unlikely to be broken soon, is 4 minutes and 51 seconds. It was set on February 22, 1963 by two chaps in the Delta Chi fraternity of Wayne State University, Detroit. Another good record that is not likely to fall is the 21 minutes for Climbing the Stairs of the Empire State Building. This was done in 1932 by the Polish Olympic ski team and is a very fine time when you consider that there are 1,860 steps. The British long-distance runner, Gordon Pirie, wanted to have a crack at it recently, but found the superintendent of the building was not at all keen on the idea."

It is in this bizarre and fascinating world, the world of second to none, that the McWhirter brothers live, assisted by their small staff and their several million readers. When a team of two brothers manages to visit 277 London Underground stations in 20 hours and 27 minutes, or someone hitchhikes from Land's End to John o'Groats in 39 hours, the McWhirters are among the first to receive at their cable address, "Mostest London," word that such feats are foot. And all the while the search for entirely new sorts of records goes on—entries to rival the fact that the *South Pacific Post* is the World's Most Smoked Newspaper and fetches up to sixpence a pound for this purpose; or that the World's

Longest Place Name is the 85-letter New Zealand sheep station called Taumatashakatangihangakoauauotamatea-turipukapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu; or that the Oldest Living Thing is a bristlecone pine in the White Mountains of California that started as a seedling in 2640 B.C.; or that the Largest Single Oish is a roast camel that serves as the main course for Bedouin wedding feasts (according to the recipe: cooked eggs are stuffed into fish, the fish are stuffed into cooked chickens, the chickens stuffed into a roast sheep carcass and the sheep stuffed into a whole camel).

One seemingly simple question that has still to find a place in the book is: What is the Fastest-Growing Animal? There is a comparatively sure figure for plants, a type of bamboo that grows 36 inches a day, but animals are a more difficult problem. Acting on a hunch, Ross rang up the Natural History Museum in South Kensington not so long ago and soon found himself speaking to a distinguished professor. "I've a sort of idea it might have been the diplodocus. What do you think, professor?" he asked. "Have you ever worked out the growth rate of a baby diplodocus?"

"Extraordinary, a most extraordinary thing that you should ask that," said the professor. "Do you know that I am, at this very moment, doing some work on just that theory?"

"Oh, splendid. And, er, have you any results that we can publish?"

"No, no. Not yet. But it won't be very long."

"The thing is, we go to press in three weeks and would much like to have a figure to put in."

"I shall let you know when I have finished," replied the scientist with dignity. "It should be in about six, or possibly seven, years." After all, the diplodocus has been extinct for 135 million years. The McWhirters may be in a hurry, but science is not.

At the beginning of the 1962 edition the McWhirters took leave of the world of fact for a few lines and were bold enough to risk some speculation. What would their book hold for us seven years in the future, in 1969? Gloomily, they forecast an explosion of 100 megatons and a human altitude record of 248,000 miles, or just beyond the moon. A high jumper, they predicted, would clear 7 feet 8 inches against the then record of 7 feet 5½ inches, and the mile would be run in 3:50. Few athletic records seemed safe, except the one for Shooting an Arrow. This was set in 1798 by Sultan Selim III of Turkey at 972 yards and 2¼ inches, and even with modern foot-braced bows no one has been within 30 yards of it. "But I'm always rather distrustful of records claimed by crowned heads," says Norris. "I mean, look at Nero's Olympic title. Oh, yes, he won it, all right, but he was the only contestant in the chariot race, and he fell out halfway around and never even finished the course."

This kind of reservation does not creep into the book, but every now and then there is a touch of editorial em-

continued

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Have you had any lately?



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phases, a slight outcry of awe impossible to stifle. For example, under *Insects*, Most Acute Sense of Smell: "The most acute sense of smell exhibited in nature is that of the male silkworm moth (*Bombix mori*) or in Britain the Emperor moth, which, according to German experiments in 1961, can detect sex attractant of the female at the almost unbelievable range of 6.8 miles." When taxed with this highly unscientific outburst, a shamefaced Norris claimed that he had only used the word "unbelievable" to keep hundreds of readers from writing in and protesting that the 6.8-mile figure was a typographical error.

The book also lapses occasionally into dry humor. Among the full details of the Oldest and Largest and Highest Night Clubs in the World, it is stated that "the lowest night club must remain a matter of opinion." Under Grave Digging it is noted that Johann Heinrich Karl Theme of Germany "dug 23,311 graves. In 1826 his understudy dug *his* grave." The six lines devoted to the World's Most Prolific Writer for Whom a Word Count Has Been Published (Frank Richards, creator of Billy Bunter, 72 million words) ends: "He enjoyed the advantage of being unmarried." But no amazement whatsoever was expressed with the news that Cynthia Yuellie's record for Passing Under a Bar in the Limbo Dance was recently lowered by another and even more supple West Indian girl from 9 inches to 6½, or that the Longest Reversible Word in Any Language is *suppenkuppap*, which is a handy Finnish term for a soapmaker.

In all, the Guinness book is a most strange work, and one that owes its existence to the inspiration, support and financial backing of a most unlikely literary sponsor, a beer company. Someday the McWhirtens are going to have to face up to it and put in another entry: Reference Books. Most Fascinating—*The Guinness Book of Records*.

Meanwhile, anytime Sir Hugh Beaver wants to know about the fastest game bird he need only turn to page 24 of the latest edition and read that it is the spurring goose (88 mph). What about the golden plover? Sorry, Sir Hugh, no mention of it.

END



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64

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

College basketball coaches once barely tolerated sophomores, because, as one coach complained, "Every one now plays every way a couple of games." Now sophomores play and win games for their teams, and this season there is an unusually fine crop. Among the best are Providence's Jim Walker, who is one big reason why the Friars are unbeaten. Western Kentucky's Clem Haskins, who last week scored 35 points against Middle Tennessee, and Duke's Bob Verga, a shy hot shooter who is averaging 20.6 points a game.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (94-60)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (57-41) 3. ST. JOHN'S (32-3)

It started out like an easy week for undefeated PROVIDENCE. Once the quick, young Friars solved Rhode Island's zone, it was all over for Rhodey, and Providence won 73-56. The Friars' long winning streak seemed safe enough when some heavy early bombing by sophomore Jim Walker and Bill Blair put them 10 points ahead of visiting St. Bonaventure with only 10 minutes to play. Then Providence's shooting cooled. George Carter, the Bonnies' husky sophomore, took control of the boards, Roger Bauer began hitting on long pop shots, and St. Bonaventure led 76-75 with 21 seconds to go. But Blair calmly plunked in two free throws, and Providence eked out its 14th straight 77-76.

Once-beaten ST. JOSEPH'S, playing better than ever and determined to give Coach Jack Ramsay his 200th win (in only 10 seasons), went at Centenary full speed. Sophomore playmaker Matt Guokas passed off deftly, sophomore Center Cliff Anderson fired in 27 points and snapped up 20 rebounds, and St. Joe's won 117-90 to set another Palenstra scoring record.

YILLANOVA was beginning to perk up, too. The Wildcats battered Penn 75-46 and Duquesne 71-55. So was LA SALLE. The Explorers took Lafayette 91-73 and Loyola of New Orleans 72-69. But Temple, which does not seem to fire well when it gets away from the friendly environs of Philadelphia, was taken by a strong CONNECTICUT team at Storrs. The Huskies swarmed all over the Owls with a three-quarter-court press, 6-foot-8 Toby Kimball grabbed 20 rebounds, sophomore Wes Bulosakina scored 18 points, and Connecticut won 71-60. Life was more pleasant for TRINITY back in the Palenstra. There the Owls stormed from behind to beat NYU 77-68.

FORDHAM's Johany Boeh is finally beginning to look forward to his Saturdays. A week earlier his Rams upset Temple and last Saturday they outmuscled a pressing Army team 60-53. SYRACUSE, apparently over its early-season jitters, held off Bowling Green 80-79 for its fourth in a row. BOSTON COLLEGE's flashy John Austin scored 30 points to lead the Eagles past Fairfield 96-88 and then put in six foul shots in the last 80 sec-

onds to save a 78-73 win over Seton Hall. PENN STATE, having its best season in years, routed Colgate 95-65.

Penn tried everything against PRINCETON's superb Bill Bradley—a 2-3 zone, how-and-one and a real tough muscle job. All the Quakers got for their trouble was 27 fouls called, four players fouled out and an 83-72 licking. Bradley scored 36 points, including 16 out of 19 from the foul line.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (16-1)
2. VANDERBILT (14-2) 3. DUKE (9-0)

What promised to be a tight Southeastern Conference race is rapidly turning into a one-team show. VANDERBILT, after triffing with Mississippi for an 84-70 victory, swamped second-place Auburn 105-77 for its 11th in a row. Vandy also got some help from a most unlikely source, as KENTUCKY, soundly drubbed by Florida only a week earlier, surprised the Gators 78-61 in Lexington. Florida had murdered Kentucky with a low double post, so Adolph Rupp shrewdly plotted a way to keep the ball away from the Gators' good sophomores, 6-foot-9 Gary Keller and 6-foot-10 Jeff Ramsey. He put Center John Adams in front of the strong side post and had Tommy Kron slough off the weak side to double-team from the rear. It worked. The frustrated post men rarely got the ball, and Florida's offense collapsed. Meanwhile, Louis Dampier, Kentucky's brilliant sophomore guard, made all 13 of his foul shots and pitched in 21 points. The Baron, who has had a hard year, was pleased. "It's getting so," he chuckled, "I'm tickled to death to beat anybody."

All of which put TENNESSEE, an 83-49 winner over hapless Georgia, into second place. The Vols, counterpunching carefully with the accurate shooting of A. W. Davis (22 points) and Larry McIntosh (20 points) and controlling the boards, had Georgia smothered at the half 40-17. After that it was easy.

While Duke was idled by exams, NORTH CAROLINA STATE took over the lead in the Atlantic Coast. The Wolfpack clobbered Centenary 79-64 and Virginia 92-69 for their 11th straight since Coach Press Maravich took over the team. But both Duke and N.C. State had better start worrying about MARYLAND. The eager young Terps, with

sophomore Jay McMillen leading the way with 28 points, outran North Carolina 91-80 for their sixth ACC win.

There were signs that the Southern Conference may have a race after all. VIRGINIA TECH, a late starter, was now 4-1 after beating Furman 104-81 and West Virginia 82-74. First-place DARTMOUTH, meanwhile, sharpened its game on nonconference rivals. The Wildcats beat East Carolina 82-68 and Wake Forest 78-71 for the longest winning streak in major college basketball—15 games.

Oklahoma City's garrulous Abe Lemons was speechless after MIAMI's elusive ganner, Rick Barry—the nation's No. 1 scorer with 38.2 a game—bombed his team for 51 points as the Hurricanes won 115-92. Independent FLORIDA STATE had mixed success against SEC teams. The Seminoles beat Auburn 58-55, then lost to ALABAMA 75-66.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (19-3)
2. WICHITA STATE (19-2) 3. INDIANA (19-0)

UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden's old Big Ten buddies from his days at Purdue had a grand reception cooked up for him last weekend when he brought his No. 1-ranked Bruins to Chicago Stadium. They praised him effu-



SOPHOMORE STARS Edgar Lacey of UCLA (54) and Gerry Jones of Iowa (23) rise to the occasion in big game at Chicago.

sively and then saw a buried his team 87-82. Iowa Coach Ralph Miller hit UCLA with Wooden's own favorite weapons—a tough, withering press and a brisk fast break. Accustomed as they are to such debilitating tactics, the Bruins nevertheless were forced into nagging errors, and Iowa's Chris Perrell, a sly 6-foot-2 junior-college trans-

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

fer, poured in 28 points. Next night LLOYD was back to form against Loyola of Chicago and beat the Ramblers 85-72 while LLOYD trounced Notre Dame 101-87.

LLOYD, however, had already enjoyed its moments of glory in Friday night's double-header. The Ramblers upset Wichita State 93-92 on Tom Markey's last-second layup on overtime after Wichita's Dave Stallworth and Loyola's Billy Smith, who spent the last two years in academic exile, engaged in a hot shooting match. Stallworth scored 45 points, Smith 38. There was some solace for the Shockers, too. They came back to throttle Louisville 96-76 as Stallworth closed out his eligibility with 40 points and a neat little speech: "It was a pleasure playing for you," he told the 10,465 fans assembled in University Fieldhouse. "I needed you people and I will miss you."

There is just no end to the shocks in store for Cincinnati's Ed Jucker. He watched painfully while little ST. JOSEPH'S of Indiana, coached by former Bearcat Jim Holstein, upset his team 61-59 on Tom Crowley's layup. Then Cincy did the unexpected again. It edged St. Louis 67-66 when Fritz Meyer made two free throws. BRADLEY, playing with a shuffled lineup, swamped Tulsa 74-58.

Imagine OKLAHOMA STATE's Hank Iba being frustrated by a slow-down? It happened last week when his Big Eight leaders fought off Colorado to win 59-55 in triple overtime. At one point Iba, who supposedly invented the delay game, was on his feet shouting for his Cowboys to fast-break. He was less impatient when they beat Missouri 63-55. KANSAS STATE, surprisingly, knocked Kansas State out of the race 91-76.

MICHIGAN rolled on in the Big Ten. The Wolverines had their hands full with Michigan State but finally got the Spartans 103-98 in overtime as Cazzie Russell scored 40 points. Purdue was easier. The Boilermakers fell 98-81 but Michigan lost tough Larry Torgerson with a sprained ankle. MINNESOTA also beat Purdue 85-81 to share third place with Illinois.

MARQUETTE's Al McGuire, who used to play for St. John's Joe Lapchick, had a surprise ready for his old coach. His "scrambled-egg" unit so disconcerted the Redmen with its zany tactics that almost before they knew it they were behind 30-10. Marquette went on to win 78-50. ST. JOSEPH'S, another top eastern independent, had too much for Xavier. The Hawks ran away with the game 95-78. DAYTON battered Loyola of Los Angeles 89-71 and Cincinnati 88-72 and then slowed down to upset Miami of Ohio 54-52. DUKE routed Niagara 97-59.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. HOUSTON (10-0)
2. TEXAS TECH (10-1) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-0)

The Southwest Conference, which rarely reflects such clarity, finally had an undis-

puted leader. TEXAS TECH saw to it that while an old-fashioned West Texas dust storm roared outside the handsome Lubbock Coliseum, 9,625 noisy Tech rooters roared inside as the hot-shooting Riders demolished co-leader SMU 107-89. The Ponies never had a chance. Dub Malone, a quick little fellow, ran them ragged, stealing passes and fast-breaking for 30 points while Norm Reuther poured in 29. SMU's Doc Hayes was strangely philosophical about it. "I didn't brood over these things," he said. "It's just like the Civil War—it was horrible while it was going on, but it's all over now." Actually, it was not four nights later at SMU, Texas sinking man-to-man defense crowded the desperate Ponies underneath the basket, and the Longhorns also beat them 89-79. Tech, meanwhile, lamed for a while against TCU's vigorous press, but got away from the Frogs in time to win 108-94 for a two-game lead in the conference race. This time Malone scored 27 points.

Independent HOUSTON fattened its record on two SWC teams, but it was not easy. Baylor, with 6-foot-7 sophomore Darrell Hardy shooting magnificently, got 19 points, but the Cougars on the rim and then let them get away. Jim Jones's layup in the last second beat the Bears 80-78. Texas A&M, down by 18 points with 16:33 to play, made a belated charge at Houston but it was too late and too little. The Cougars held on to win 79-74.

Touring OKLAHOMA CITY had no trouble at all whipping West Texas State 86-68. NEW MEXICO took the boards away from Texas Western and beat the Miners 69-58.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (10-0)
2. ARIZONA (10-1) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (10-0)

Western AC teams were standing tall last week. While ARIZONA's pressure defense took the fight out of San Francisco, 6-foot-5 Albert Johnson, bounding up and down like a yo-yo, blocked shots and pulled down rebounds, and the Wildcats beat the Dons handily 71-56. Arizona also whipped Arizona State College 89-63 and Memphis State 99-64. SAN FRANCISCO recovered to beat Arizona State 91-75.

UTAH's Jack Gardner decided that his team could not hope to stop Utah State's Wayne Eaves but he figured that his smallest Redskins could outrun the Aggies. That's just what happened. Eaves scored 43 points, but Utah won the game 111-104. BIRKHAM young, running and shooting for all it was worth, rocked depleted Air Force 111-77 and Denver 90-85, while WYOMING, coming on fast now, beat San Jose State 92-70 and Air Force 75-62. NEW MEXICO's sure-handed defense, the best in the nation, was in too much for New Mexico State and the Aggies succumbed 62-17.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON A HIGH BLUFF

Sirs:

My compliments to Frank Deford on his "foreflight" (*Another Big Bluff by Big Wilt*, Jan. 25). I've witnessed one of the 76ers' successes since Wilt's homecoming: the night the 76ers met the "Invincible" Celtics. Wilt outdefended "Mr. Defense" (Bill Russell), handed out six assists and grabbed 26 rebounds (thigh in the game). He did manage not to be high scorer, nevertheless the 76ers won 104-100.

Keep up the "big bluff," Wilt.

BILL SUK

Philadelphia

Sirs:

How can a man score 100 points a game, grab 55 rebounds a game and be told he isn't trying? Sure Wilt Chamberlain has his faults, but no one is perfect, not even Mr. Deford, I'm sure. Before you pick on Wilt any more, check the statistics.

TODD SHERMAN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations on your accurate appraisal of Wilt Chamberlain and his antics. Wilt, in my estimation, is the symbol of the deteriorating NBA. There was a time when basketball greats (like Dolph Schayes and George Mikan) could shoot from all over the court. Today a star like Wilt is taking a long shot from four feet out. Chamberlain's foul-shooting percentage wouldn't even qualify for a junior high school foul-shooting tournament.

Something had better be done about the NBA. People just don't want to see "Jolly Green Giants" like Wilt dunk 100 points in one night. They want to see good teams with good players play good ball. In other words, today people want to see college basketball.

DAVE ROTHENBERG

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

If Wilt's "limited style" was an imposition on the rest of the San Francisco team, how did they manage a division title in 1964? Maybe this is just another chapter in the "bum rap" series that Wilt has been shouldering every time his team loses.

Wilt is not a "one-time attraction," as the third-largest crowd to see a pro game in Philadelphia basketball history proved when Wilt made his homecoming appearance against his ex-teammates, the Warriors.

Finally, your prediction that the trade will have "little effect" on this year's standings is just too much to swallow. With the

"Big Dipper" at center, Hal Greer and Larry Costello behind him and rookie Lucious Jackson taking off some of the pressure, the 76ers will end up a strong second in the East. And when the final score is tabulated, it will no longer be the Boston Celtics who are the world champions but the Philadelphia 76ers.

CHARLES REINSTEIN

Pottstown, Pa.

Sirs:

The only true sentence in the whole article was: "Chamberlain is one of the genuine superathletes of his generation."

LEE ADLER

Orland, Pa.

Sirs:

How could a person write such an article on a man who has done so much for basketball? I am from Philadelphia, am 13 and receive a limited allowance, but I would give my entire allowance for 10 years to see Mr. Deford play Wilt, one-on-one, with Wilt on his knees, blindfolded and mittens on his hands. You know who would win?

MIKE BAKER

Broomall, Pa.

MR. HOCKEY

Sirs:

Congratulations to William Leggett on the fine article about Bobby Hull (*Go, Bobby! Go!* Jan. 25). Here in Boston we don't have anything to cheer about except the Celtics so we're really rooting for Bobby to break the "magic 50."

JIMMY SILVER

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

We certainly enjoyed the article on Bobby Hull, who, in our opinion, is one of the great hockey players, and we are pulling for him to break the record. The only adverse point in your story was the slighting of Gordie Howe as a player and person by labeling him as one who has achieved what he has through shading the rules. This is completely untrue. Admittedly Howe is guilty of being an extraordinarily mean player—which is to say that he may be a notch ahead of Richard or Hull or any of the other great hockey players.

Whether Hull will ever match Howe in records or skill is not of as much concern to us fans as that both are judged on merit alone and not on personality or appearance on the ice.

JOHN MARKHAM

JERRY STONNER

Houghton, Mich.

Sirs:

The world of hockey is just seeing the beginning of an illustrious career in Robert Marvin Hull, and if professional hockey continues to gain popularity across the U.S., this man, and this man alone, will be responsible. Hats off to William Leggett for an enlightening story on Mr. Hockey.

GRAHAM N. RINELLI

New York City

Sirs:

Your Mr. Leggett was asleep at the switch when doing his article on our terrific Bobby Hull. We can't believe that any fanatically loyal Red Wing fan would ever start to yell "Go, Bobby! Go!" without a little prompting, just as we would never expect a Hawk fan to cheer on the "great" Gordie Howe. It just so happens that the Blackhawk Standbys Junior Club and their friends (about 60 in all) went to Detroit by bus for that game and it was their cheer that Leggett heard. There were a number of other people from Chicago there, too, who probably joined in the chant. And, as any hockey fan can tell you, there just happens to be a good number of Hawk fans in Detroit.

Bobby Hull is tremendous and will probably be wiping out old records for many years to come. As a result, you'll probably continue to do stories on him. Therefore, we suggest the next time you hear "Go, Bobby! Go!" you start looking around for the Blackhawk Standbys—no matter what rink you happen to be in. We do an awful lot of traveling.

ELI SINE UDRICK

Chicago

THE BIG MEN

Sirs:

As a Negro and a native of New Orleans, I would like to comment on Ron McV's article, *Was This Three Freedom Ride?* (Jan. 18). I think the article was excellent and the author quite correct. But the fact that Negroes were registered in the Roosevelt Hotel, ate in integrated restaurants, etc., is evidence of progress. As far as discourtesy treatment is concerned, let me say that I have been shown more discourtesy in Manhattan than I ever experienced in New Orleans.

Sports can lead the way to full integration, but first let's all be good sports and not push for the impossible overnight.

HERMAN L. BARKIN

Mobile, Ala.

Sirs:

I would like to tell the 22 stars who left New Orleans that their gesture was a distressing blow to thousands of football fans.

(Continued)

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in this area, and the pity of it all was that it did no good. The only people affected were those on the Negroes' side, both white and black. By calling off the game, the AFL stars played right into the hands of those that foster the antebellum ideas of nonparticipation between the races.

Common interest can do more than anything to bring about good relationships between people. The common interest of football could have wrought many good and constructive things in this area. But now the possibility of this is very, very dim.

The passage of the civil rights bill did not guarantee a sudden racial Utopia. But in behalf of New Orleans, I must say that great strides have been taken in race relations. The fact that the All-Star game was nearly a sellout indicates that in this area people, for the greater part, have accepted the idea of togetherness. Why not lean toward the greater part that is good, rather than the small part that is bad?

We have tried hard and suffered long down here to bring about understanding between the races. The world of sports—and football in particular—can provide a big step toward realizing this understanding. We here are always proud to see some of our own able to stand tall, but we hang our heads in shame when our own act and think as narrow and small as those we oppose. I say to the Negroes of the AFL, let us be proud of you and not apologetic for you. You are big men in every respect, why not act it!

GEORGE COOPER

Baton Rouge

ON THE MAT

Sirs,

Congratulations to the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and to Herman Weiskopf on the outstanding coverage of the Lehigh-Iowa State wrestling meet (*The Night the Ciclos Met a Thunderclap*, Jan. 25). It may be of interest to your readers to know that amateur wrestling is currently the fastest-growing sport in the high schools and universities of the U.S. In New York State alone over 400 public schools have interscholastic wrestling teams.

I would have to take issue with Mr. Weiskopf's statement, "Most Americans could hardly care less," referring to the scheduled meeting of Lehigh and Iowa State. Wrestling fans all over the nation follow these two powerhouses closely, along with Oklahoma State, Navy, Michigan, Penn State and Oklahoma.

TOM MCINTIRE

Brookport, N.Y.

THROUGH THE GLASS, BRIGHTLY

Sirs

As long as Star Boatbuilder Carl Fichenlaub feels that way about fiber glass he will

further limit a boat that was ahead of its time at inception in the old days of wood but is now rapidly becoming obsolete (*Boats Should Be Wooden*, Jan. 25).

As owner of one of the prettiest wooden Thistles in the Hawaiian Islands I am hard pressed to win against the fiber glass boats. But, thanks to our class organization's farsightedness in testing the glass boat and the aluminum area and approving them, our class can continue to grow and sail instead of sand and paint.

GLENN D. CLARK JR.

Kaneohe, Hawaii

THRILL KILL

Sirs:

In my estimation, Buffalo Assistant Coach Joel Collier's statement that "a thrill went up and down our bench" after Mike Stratton's vicious tackle put Keith Lincoln out of the AFL Championship game was greatly misconstrued by your readers (19th Hole, Jan. 18). Anyone knows that any one play during the course of a game can inspire a team to victory. In this case, Stratton's tackle served such a purpose. The "thrill" was not that Lincoln was out of the game but rather a "thrill" of inspiration to "kill" (in the clearest way possible) those Chargers. The Bills did just that, and they did it with the best possible weapon—good, clean, hard football.

DAVE FRANKO

Buffalo

Sirs:

I was there and must admit that Lincoln was cheered, for sure, but only after he was able to get to his feet and leave the playing field under his own power.

The fans at Buffalo may be fanatic about their football team—but to say we cheer because someone on the opposing team gets injured is ridiculous. We come to see football—not bloodshed.

RICHARD MUELLER

Buffalo

Sirs:

The letters from the four men who expressed shock and dismay with regard to the Buffalo Bills' attitude toward Keith Lincoln's injury only show that their idea of sport is, at best, a quiet game of checkers or bridge. I believe that Mike Stratton can walk proudly and unashamedly. No coach can reasonably disagree with the fact that anyone who can tackle that hard deserves only praise.

I do not believe that any of the press with harm to any opponent. The Bills were glad that Lincoln would be out of the game, that he and the Chargers be intimidated. None of them rejoiced because his rib was broken.

DAN DAVIDSON

Centerburg, Ohio



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